THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1729

this paper was purchased by Benjamin Franklin and published by him as "The Pennsylvania Gazette" until

1765

when it passed into other hands. The title was changed to "The Saturday Evening Post" on August 4,

Founded A.D. 1728

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 15, 1898

Volume 171 Number 16

5 cents a copy
$2.50 a Year

1821

and the office of publication was the one formerly occupied by Benjamin Franklin, in the rear of 53 Market St., Philadelphia. In the year

1897

it became the property of the present publishers,

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second-Class Matter

THE GOLD OF THE SANTA MARIA

ONE NIGHT AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE

BY MAY KELSEY CHAMPION

DRAWINGS BY HARRISON FISHER

THE custom-house windows were never washed except on the outside, and that by the rain from heaven. Still they were not yet so dim but they furnished enough daily diversion to the collector's two clerks to save them from overwork.

Cornelius Combe, by the advantage of a day or two in his appointment, had his desk at the uptown window. This morning, however, he would gladly have changed places with Penuel Shapley, who had his desk on the water side.

Whenever Penuel turned a page he looked out down the harbor; but Cornelius could not ask him what he saw, because the collector was writing at his desk in the middle of the room.

The gale of the past week had nearly blown itself out. What was left hung in the custom-house chimney and sang like a resonant wire. Up the wet street there was only old Gideon Gofts clearing out the trench around his saltpetre bed. Cornelius wrote until he bent his pen, then went to Penuel's desk to mend it—and look at the harbor.

*

Craft of all sorts, strange and familiar, filled the harbor, and at the end of the wharf lay the custom-house lighter, rubbing its side now and then against the piles, like a faithful dog reminding its master of a service just performed.

The whole inside of the barge was blue with indigo, and a trail of it wandered up to the door of the custom-house; for the small dark object below Padanaram Point was the Spanish snow, Santa Maria la Blanca, and her cargo filled the custom-house cellar. Bound from the Gulf of Mexico to Cadiz, she had been blown out of her course and driven upon Thimble Reef, where she now lay, lightened and waiting to be towed off on the tide.

At last the vessel seemed to have changed her position, and Penuel rose and brought the glass.

"Have they got her off?" Captain Geer asked, looking up from his writing.

"Yes, sir; she's off." Penuel passed the glass to Cornelius, who already had his right eye pressed close against the other's left to save time.

"Well, go to work again," said the collector somewhat sharply.

In the safety-vault beneath lay six chests of Spanish doubloons, and in the outer cellar, heaped high with cerroons of indigo, was another of those canvas-covered boxes which would not go in the vault. Though the contents of these were known only to himself and the officers of the Santa Maria la Blanca, the collector drew with every breath a restless, tormenting impatience to see the vessel on her way to Cadiz with the precious cargo again on board.

When Penuel Shapley went home to dinner that noon the Santa Maria lay off John Tooly's shipyard, and the Plough and Anchor tavern was full of Spanish sailors that belonged to her.

*

Ahead of him, a few rods up the street, were two men whom he recognized as the passengers he had met when he went down to the ship in the lighter the day before. One was tall and closely wrapped in a long, dark cloak with a red lining—a Spaniard, whom the supercargo had called Don Sebastian. The other, shorter and shabbier, in a blue coat trimmed with tarnished lace, was an Englishman named Brunker.

Beyond them, Dorothy Knight was carrying the pulpit cushion across to the meeting-house. Every Saturday noon she brought it over, and every Monday took it home. This she did because her mother had done it before her, because her grandmother had done it before that, and because in the beginning pulpit cushions could not be left in the meeting-house through the week on account of the squirrels gnawing them.

As she went inside, the man in the cloak stopped for an instant, then followed her. Penuel hurried on. When he reached the meeting-house the Spaniard stood blocking the doorway, while Dorothy, with blazing eyes and a bright red spot on each cheek, was trying to pass out.

"Ah, no; do not go at once. Remain yet a little," the man urged, in accurate though badly accented English, lowering his arm with easy impudence as she stooped to elude him. "It will rain in an Ave Maria, and the señorita will become wet."

The Englishman stood below, and the smile on his yellow, pock-marked face changed to a coarse laugh as his friend, Don Sebastian de Muñoz, felt himself suddenly lifted from his feet and dropped from the high step to the ground beneath.

"Insolence to women is not a custom of our country," said Penuel, as the man picked himself up sullenly.

The Spaniard half drew the navaja from his broad sash.

"No, I wouldn't," Penuel advised very quietly, whistling to Cornelius Combe's dog. The dog came up, sniffed about his legs, and then growled at Don Sebastian.

*

For a second the Spaniard hesitated. Then he pushed back the knife, and without a word turned up the street with his companion.

Penuel and Dorothy watched them for a few yards, then came down the steps and crossed the street, followed by the dog.

"Keep Cæsar with you, Dorothy," Penuel said, as he left her at her gate. "Fasten him up, and don't go anywhere without him. I'll tell Cornelius. 'Twill be all right."

For a week the town was full of Spanish sailors. Boaz Tongue, of the Plough and

"'NO, I WOULDN'T,' PENUEL ADVISED VERY QUIETLY"

Anchor, smiled about with his pockets jingling, and the constables were busy. Captain Geer paced several miles of the custom-house floor every day, and Cornelius Combe did not dare to look up from his books, even when Constable Luke Van Horn chased a sailor past his window and off the wharf into the water amidst great excitement.

At last the repairs on the Santa Maria la Blanca were finished. She would reload the next morning and sail at once, her Captain told Captain Geer.

That afternoon the collector was more than usually restless. He felt himself an older man by ten years since the Santa Maria's gold had lain in the cellar of the custom-house. At closing time he came to his desk, and his hands, as he leaned on them for a moment, shook a little from nervousness.

"Mayhap 'twould do no harm for you boys to sleep down here to-night," he said, hesitating. "Eben Adams and Sam Tooly will watch outside as usual, but since 'tis the last night we might strengthen the garrison a little—eh?"

"Yes, sir," "As you say, sir," returned Penuel and Cornelius.

"There's a pile of old sails in the loft, and I make no doubt you've both of you slept well on worse beds."

•

"'Tis come to a great pass when it takes four men to guard a heap of indigo!" grumbled Cornelius, a few hours later, as he stood on the ladder with his head just above the floor of the custom-house loft, and met the hot, stifling current that rushed down upon him.

"We can open the shutter when we put out the light," said Penuel, who had gone ahead with the lantern.

Cornelius followed slowly.

•

"What is this?" he asked, pulling a piece of canvas out of a corner. "A hammock! There are some hooks on it, too."

"You're in luck," said Penuel. "Hang it up, and into it! Giblets! but 'tis as hot here as my mother's oven. I feel as if I were roasting."

After a fruitless search for another hammock, Penuel smoothed the pile of sails, then blew out the light and threw open the shutter. The fresh breeze from the harbor soon cooled the loft, but for some time he felt restless and wakeful.

It seemed to him that he had just lost himself when he heard a noise outside. He went to the window and listened. From below, on the other side of the building, came the sound of cautious footsteps. Drawing back, he stood over the hammock for a moment, then gave it a shake.

"Get up," he whispered, clapping his hand quickly over Cornelius' mouth as soon as he found it.

It took only a moment to slip into some of his clothes. Then he felt about for a coil of rope that he remembered, and, making the end fast to one of the hammock hooks, was out of the window with so little sound that Cornelius scarcely knew when he disappeared below him.

There was nothing to do but follow, however, and thoroughly awake and wondering, Cornelius let himself noiselessly down the rope to the wharf below.

No one was in sight. But as he turned the corner of the building, he found Penuel lying in the shadow, listening at a crack.

•

As he dropped beside him there came a sharp, resounding thud against a pile just beneath.

"Santisima Maria! Wilt bring the watch upon us?" exclaimed an angry voice.

"Think you I have worked here every night for a week without knowing what is good for the watch?" replied another voice, jerking and breathless from some effort. "A swallow or two, and they sleep like sweet babes till the morning."

Penuel cautiously touched Cornelius' bare foot with his own. "Don Sebastian and the Englishman, Brunker!" he whispered.

There was a sound of grating sand, followed by a hurried "Wait," and stealthy steps crept to the boat and back again.

"Canst reach me a handful of indigo?" It was the Spaniard's voice.

"Yes, in this," answered the Englishman.

"Bueno! That is well. I have use for it right now. Pass it to me."

•

A short delay and an impatient word or two in Spanish, then the men started together for the boat. Something heavy was slowly lowered to the bottom, and there was the slip of an oar.

"Is it the point on the island, then, that I am to take it to?" asked the Englishman before pushing silently off.

Penuel stopped breathing and shut his hands hard, lest the answer should escape from him involuntarily.

"The point. There is a place between two tall pines that stand close together."

"THE BOAT AND ITS MYSTERIOUS CARGO DISAPPEARED SILENTLY INTO THE GLOOM"

The boat and its mysterious cargo disappeared silently into the gloom. As soon as it was out of hearing the boys stood up.

"Well?" said Cornelius.

"Well?" said Penuel. "We might get on our clothes," and he started up the rope.

Cornelius followed close behind. "Shall we fetch Captain Geer?" he asked.

Penuel was fumbling about for his shoes. "To my mind, there's another trip to be taken first," he said. "What think you we shall find between the two pines on the point, Cornelius?"

"What?" returned Cornelius evasively, because he had not thought at all.

His friend waited while he fastened his trousers around his knees. "An' if 'tis not something several times heavier than indigo, I miss my reckoning," he said, as he straightened up. "Are you ready?"

"Yes."

Penuel drew in the rope and closed the shutter. "Mayhap 'twill save us some skin if we go out by the door this time," he said, blowing on his bruised and aching palms.

•

For nearly an hour they lay outside in the shadow of the custom-house. At last there came a sound of muffled rowing, a boat was cautiously drawn up on the sand several rods away, and two dark cloaked figures stole silently up to the street.

A little later two other dark figures crept softly from the custom-house down to the boat, untied it, and pushed off. When they returned they carried a heavy, canvas-covered box between them.

Before the town was fairly astir there had been several hours' work done in the custom-house cellar. Captain Geer had counted every ceroon, chest and keg of the Santa Maria's cargo, until he had satisfied himself again and again that nothing had been disturbed except the canvas-covered chest under the pile of indigo.

And small need, he told the boys; for that chest held more gold than either of them had ever seen in their lives.

Spotted and streaked with blue, it now lay at the foot of the cellar stairs, while in the corner beyond a deep furrow in the sand, some scattered plaster, and a few loosened stones told the story of its removal. A steep slope from the street to the water left the entire rear wall of the cellar exposed on the outside, and here, beneath the wharf, which came up level with the street, work had been quite easy.

When at last Penuel went to breakfast he started on a run. He brought up suddenly, however, as he reached the east pasture, and in another moment was over the wall.

"Oliver," he called softly.

•

An old white horse whinnied joyfully, and came up on a stiff-kneed gallop.

But Penuel did not give him his usual greeting. Instead, he walked all around, studying some deep-blue stains that covered the white back and flanks. Pulling up a handful of grass, he tried to rub them off, but only spread the color into broader spots.

He was doing this when Don Sebastian de Muñoz and the supercargo of the Santa Maria passed. He was also turning over several things in his mind, and he did not see them watching what he was doing. At last he led old Oliver up to the house to be washed off.

When, after an hour, he went back to the custom-house, the Santa Maria lay at the wharf, and a crowd was beginning to gather. Captain Geer had been called out, Cornelius told him, so Penuel walked along the wharf, his thoughts still upon his horse.

•

Suddenly he was held by a new idea. Luke Van Horn's boat lay on the sand just as he and Cornelius had left it last night. He wondered how the old porringer that Luke used for a bail looked inside.

He would go and see.

But as he hurried back he was confronted by José de Miguel, the Santa Maria's supercargo, who stood by the door waiting for Captain Geer. Behind him were five sailors, and at one side Don Sebastian and the Englishman, Brunker.

"I will ask, señor, that you remain until the vessel is reloaded," said the supercargo, bowing, with his hat in his hand.

Penuel looked up inquiringly.

"I may add that if you attempt to depart you will be prevented," the Spaniard continued, turning toward the half-circle of sailors behind him.

"I'm likely enough to stay, I'm thinking," said Penuel dryly, as his eyes fell upon the glittering knives at the men's sides.

"Yes, señor; I believe so," replied the Spaniard gently, bowing again.

"But I should like to have this unusual kind attention explained."

"*De buena gana.* If you desire it. You were observed last night leading a heavily laden horse away from the custom-house. I myself have this morning seen you removing traces of indigo from the animal's sides. If our cargo lacks—— But I need not say more. The señor will understand."

Penuel's eyes gathered an angry light. He was about to reply when Captain Geer came hurrying up as fast as he could.

"Good morning—good morning, sir," the Captain said breathlessly to José de Miguel. "I thought to be here before you, but I was called out. A word with you, sir, inside."

•

It was in no way soothing to Penuel, as the two went off, to find himself surrounded by the sailors. In a few minutes, however, Cornelius pushed them roughly apart and told him he was wanted in the custom-house.

A few whispered words between the two, and as soon as Penuel had disappeared, Cornelius stole unobserved down to Luke Van Horn's boat. When he came back his coat bulged out on one side, and he went immediately into the custom-house.

It was half an hour or more before they came out. Penuel went back to his old place, and the only change was that the five sailors were drawn a little nearer to Don Sebastian and the Englishman.

As Penuel passed these two the Spaniard bent forward. "If the señor will take advice, a darker horse would serve him better another time," he said, with insolent significance. Then a sailor stepped between, and he was obliged to move back.

•

The reloading began. The indigo was brought out first, ceroon after ceroon, followed by a large number of kegs and boxes. The canvas-covered chests were the last to come, and the Spaniard watched with glittering eyes as one by one the chests were carried aboard the vessel.

Everything went well until half a dozen chests had been carried on board of the Santa Maria la Blanca; but there was a delay after the sixth. A faint smile parted Don Sebastian's lips. It was genius to have thought of the horse, he reflected. But—! He started, suddenly. They were carrying out another chest, dark and stained with indigo, that seemed heavier than the others.

"The last, and all on board," called the supercargo, as it slowly disappeared over the vessel's side. "All loaded," he shouted, once more. Then Don Sebastian saw him thrust his list into his pocket and shake hands with Captain Geer.

•

The Spaniard glanced toward his companion, and the next instant grew pale as ashes as he met Penuel's fixed gaze. He turned; but the sailors stood firm, and a hand fell on his shoulder.

"Don Sebastian de Muñoz will permit me to remind him that it is time to go aboard. He hears that the vessel is loaded," said the supercargo, significantly.

Don Sebastian shrank visibly, then, recovering, bowed low and eluded the other's annoying grasp.

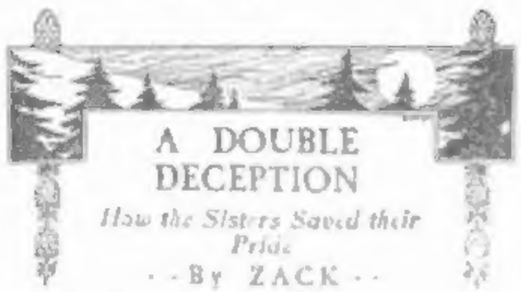
"*Va uste d con Dios!*" he said, with forced calmness, bowing once more, and at the same time taking two or three steps backward. "But I have much unfinished business in this country. I find myself unable to return in your ship."

The supercargo bowed also, and took the same number of steps in advance. "*El sabio muda consejo,*" he said. "The wise man changes his mind. This country can spare you, and I believe your own will shortly have serious need of your presence."

•

This time there was a persuasion in the hand on his shoulder that Don Sebastian felt and obeyed. With the Englishman, Brunker, he started for the vessel, followed by the supercargo and the five sailors.

As they disappeared into the Santa Maria's cabin a cheer arose from the crowd on the wharf, which little by little had made its own story, and in the echo of this Captain Geer beckoned Cornelius and Penuel into the custom-house. On his desk lay Luke Van Horn's old pewter porringer, brimful of gold doubloons, with a card on which was written in English: "For the two young señors, with the thanks of José de Miguel."



A DOUBLE DECEPTION

How the Sisters Saved their Pride

--By ZACK--

SHE had no particular reason for coming to Dresden, unless it was that a friend had once told her of two very old, very poor German ladies who kept a pension there, and who were on bad terms with their pension because it refused to keep them.

The clock in the Kreutz Kirche struck one as the droschke drew up in front of their door; but the table in the dining-room was not laid for lunch—she had come either too early or too late for the meal. She took two rooms; there were no other boarders.

•

It was Christmas week; snow lay on the ground and Christmas Day at the door; there was a general air of bustle and excitement about the streets. The pension, however, remained quiet enough; the two Frauleins had not yet begun their Christmas preparations. The rooms were cold, damp, musty—Fraulein Kathe said that "when the fire was lit, then! Hein!" she concluded, holding up her hands, "we have this morning run out of coals." The English girl asked them to change a hundred-mark note, to take the first week's rent out of it—she needed small money. Soon a fire was spluttering in the tall china stove; the two Frauleins buzzed about it like bees: they had a half-scared, half-awed look—they might almost have been fire-worshipers.

A little later, Fraulein Marta, the younger of the two sisters, went out to make some purchases; the English girl went with her. The Alt Markt, Neu Markt and each spare Platz were massed with green fir-trees, all shapes, sizes and prices. Fraulein Marta's eyes glowed. "Every German," she said, "rich or poor, has his tree at Christmas. We——" she stopped short. "We——" she stopped again—"ah, possibly this year we shall have one at our friend's."

Depression seemed to fall on her, but it was only momentary. "Just look at those Stollen," she exclaimed, flattening her small, round nose against a confectioner's window. "Stollen is our Christmas cake—marzipan! Chocolade! Du lieber Himmel! but there is no time like Christmas. It heals the heart through the eyes."

She stood a moment in front of a stall and fingered some brilliant-colored stuffs lovingly with her worn hands. "My sister," she said, "would call such colors vulgar, but I love the bright things. You," she continued, turning to the girl, "you have lots of Christmas presents, no doubt. Ach, what it is to be young! We—we shall have many gifts, too. Christmas is for the old and young alike."

The English girl expected no presents, but she did not say so; she felt a little ashamed of her friendless condition, and as the days went on the feeling increased. She gathered from the conversation of the two sisters that they, on their part, were assured of being almost overburdened with gifts.

But then, as they said, "Christmas is Christmas, and one takes the little things and one gives them in the same spirit."

•

The girl lay awake at night and counted the people who might possibly send her a present; she could only think of two, and the more she thought about the matter the more certain she became that this year they would neglect to do so. The moment came when she would have telegraphed to them, "For Heaven's sake, send me a present," but Christmas Eve had already arrived, and there was no time left for that.

Reduced to despair, she determined at last to buy herself a number of presents, and tell the sisters that they had been given to her by friends who lived where she came from.

She bought things that she needed—pins, sealing-wax, string; then the thought struck her that, should either Fraulein Kathe or Marta ask to see the contents of such parcels, they would certainly fail of being impressed. So she went out a second time and tried to look at the shops with their eyes, and buy things that they would think beautiful. On her return she hid her purchases deep down in her trunk. She was still on her knees before the box when Fraulein Marta entered. The girl blushed, shamefaced; the Fraulein seemed also a little discomposed.

"You will be dining to-morrow with friends, no doubt," she said. "We also shall—dine with—some friends."

•

The English girl knew no one in Dresden. "Oh—ah, yes, of course," she said; "I shall be dining with friends—several friends."

Fraulein Marta smiled down upon her: "Frohliche Weihnacht, Merry Christmas, as you say in your country."

"Merry Christmas," the girl repeated, with a sob in her throat. "Dear old Christmas, I love it—don't you?"

"Yes," answered the old woman simply; "I have always loved it—even—when—well, well——" she stopped. "See," she added, with a half shiver, "how thickly it snows."

"Sit by the fire and tell me a story," said the lonely girl.

Fraulein Marta's face brightened: "My sister knows so many more stories than I do. Shall I call her?"

"Will you?"

But when the two sisters sat before the high white china stove the heat seemed to make them drowsy, and they fell asleep.

Christmas Day brought the girl a number of letters and parcels which she had posted overnight. She laid them in a conspicuous place on the table, but the two Frauleins seemed occupied with their own affairs, and did not glance that way.

The evening came; the candles on the Christmas trees were lit, and round them children big and little crowded with eyes and mouths wide open, expectant. The English girl went out into the streets, crossed the Burgerwiese, and entered the Grosser Garten. It had been freezing hard, the ground clanged like metal beneath her feet; from time to time a branch split off short from beneath its weight of snow.

Leaving the road for a narrow foot-track, she pierced deeper into the solitude. A great self-pity fell upon her—she sobbed, because every one in the whole world was more happy than she; even the two Frauleins had friends; they were not obliged to buy presents for themselves—and she sobbed again. High up in the sky the moon kicked a way through the heavy clouds, but the stars were hidden. Suddenly the girl heard voices; unnoticed by herself she had approached a summer-house. She drew nearer, and peering in saw the two sisters. Far away in the town the Kreutz Kirche clock tolled nine. Fraulein Marta sighed. "Are you cold, sister?" she asked. "In another half hour we might go home."

"Ah, yes, in another half hour; but what shall we do if she asks to see the presents?"

"Perhaps she may not ask; I was careful not even to glance once at hers."

•

The girl stole away, and hurrying back to the house lifted the presents out from the trunks and wrote on them Fraulein Marta and Kathe's names, then, making them into one big package, went out again into the night. The snow fell softly upon her as she stood in the street waiting for the two sisters to return home. At last she saw them cross the Platz, their thin figures bent, as if they were afraid of the white light that the snow flung back upon them.

They cast a fugitive look round before entering their house. The door clanged close on their heels, the echo ringing down the street. For a moment the girl stood and listened to it, then, moving away, she found a dienstman, gave him the parcel, and told him to deliver it at the pension.

When she returned later, Fraulein Marta called her into the dining-room. "Sehen sie nur," she said, pointing at the presents that lay unpacked upon the table; "Christmas is Christmas for old and young alike."

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, A Double Deception, is taken from Life is Life, a collection of short stories by Zack (Miss Gwendoline Keats). Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE SALVAGE HUNTER

The Search for the Derelict Treasure

By

CUTCLIFFE HYNE *with Drawings by* **B. MARTIN JUSTICE**

MICHAEL POWER, the third mate, was standing with his grizzled chin thrust over the starboard dodger of the Black Pearl's upper bridge, and the binoculars at his eyes were pointed to a shadowy outline which loomed through the darkness as it swung in the trough of the Western Ocean swell.

Power would much have liked to alter the Black Pearl's course so as to make her pass nearer to the stranger; but for a reason he forbore to do this; and the Quartermaster in the boxed-up wheelhouse below blinked wearily at the glowing binnacle and sawed away at his course, and the shadowy vessel which rolled in the trough drew nbeam.

"Not a light showing anywhere," Power summarized. "Mizzenmast off the deck, and mainmast standing, as the Yankee wreck-chart said. She's got her fore-yard crossed, but the topmast and the rest of the gear are gone by the upper cap. She'll have dropped those in that breeze of last week. Likewise all the boats, barring the two lifeboats we took; she must have been pretty well swept. That funnel's scoured down to the naked iron. But it doesn't look shaky, though. Glad I had those funnel-stays set up the day before it happened." He stared on with a drawn face while the derelict passed astern. "But she can't have much water in her, or she wouldn't swim like that. And the cargo's shifted back again; she's lost all her list. Why can't I have her back now, I wonder? Why—can't—I?"

•

The Black Pearl went ahead at her steady nine knots, and the timber in her holds squeaked like a supper party of mice as the rollers shouldered her over their backs. The deserted steamer dwindled into the night astern. With a sigh Power left the shelter of the canvas dodger and turned to go down to the track-chart, which lay on the table at the head of the companionway. He was going to make an accurate (and private) note of the derelict's then position upon the face of the waters.

But as he turned another figure met him on the ladder of the upper bridge, and he recognized with a shock the Second Quartermaster of the watch, the official look-out on the Black Pearl's forecastle head. The man had given no warning of having seen the derelict drift past, and Power, with a gush of thankfulness, had supposed him to be asleep. The pair met across the binnacle, swaying to the roll. The yellow glow from the compass-card lit both their faces. Each read the knowledge of the other at a glance.

"Well, Quartermaster?"

"I didn't hail you," the sailor said. "I thought best not; I reckoned you'd see her for yourself, and may be want to do something." He omitted the "sir," and spoke in a stormy undertone, so as not to be heard by the other Quartermaster at the wheel in the house below.

The grizzled mate beckoned the man away to the shelter of the starboard dodger.

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"You—you spotted her, then?"

"I was on the Caspian myself once, when she was in the Bombay trade. That was before you got her, Captain."

"Yes," said Power. "I wasn't appointed till she'd left that and the firm had put her on the South America run. But you're sure it's her and no mistake?"

"As sure as you are. What sailor-man ever shipped on a steamboat and forgot her afterward?"

"Why—why didn't you hail me?" Power asked nervously.

"Because I reckoned that if you wanted to make a noise, Captain Power, you'd use your own voice. I don't owe the Old Man here anything that I know of. Nor do you, I should say. All hands forrard has seen the way he's been treating you—you that had a master's ticket before he was put in breeches. If we picked up that steamboat now and towed her in somewhere, the skipper here would make $5000, and I'd get tipped a matter of two weeks' wages. Well, $10 isn't to be sneezed at by a man like me that's steadied down and got a wife and kids to keep ashore, and I tell you I had it in mind of me first to sing out blue glory. But when I looked aft and saw you with your glasses on her, squinting for all you were worth, but never letting up a word, I says to myself, 'The third mate—the Captain that was—knows 'is own business. 'E's got a game on, and if there's a nice thing to be picked up out of this, W. Joist will not be forgotten. The Captain of the Black Pearl is a beggar; but Captain Power, that used to be master of the Caspian before he had his misfortune, is a gentleman, every inch of him—that's what he is.'"

The Quartermaster broke off and knuckled his sealskin cap.

"I don't think I was wrong, sir?" he said tentatively.

"Quartermaster," said the third mate huskily, "I'm hanged if I know what to say to you. I'm hanged if I even know what to say to myself."

"Very good, sir," said Joist; "don't let me scurry you. But there ought to be dollars in the old Caspian, Captain Power, if one can only see where they come in. And y' know I'm a married man, sir, with a missis and several kids to think about."

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"You great fool," said Power, "do you think you're the only man in the world with a wife and family that are hungry? Look at me; I was a steamboat skipper myself once, all brass-edged, and proud as a soldier. I was earning a matter of between $75 and $100 a month, and we lived up to it. I'd a house ashore as smart as any man could wish for, and our minister had supper with us Sunday nights fifty-two times a year.

"I'd an insurance mounting up, and in thirty months' time I should have been able to have left the sea, and been a gentleman ashore with money to live on. I was going to run a hen-farm; it's a thing I've been looking forward to all my life. Then up gets my luck and smacks me fair in the face. The old Caspian is loaded with machinery for the River Platte; she gets into a blow; the stuff inside her shifts; and she gets a list on her which there is no curing. It's the blessed Liverpool stevedore's fault, I reckon, but that doesn't count for much once you've left port."

"No, sir," said Joist.

"I did my best, just as any man would have done. I put her round and let her take the seas on her other side; but that only made her worse, and just then the whole blessed bed-plate must needs start in the engine-room. I tell you, the fellows from down there hopped up on deck like rats. The old Chief gave me news of it himself. He said his engines might take charge any minute, and once they were adrift they'd go through the skin of her like as though it was so much paper. He said he was badly scared, and wanted to leave the ship while there was still a chance.

"I told him mighty plain that as for me it was 'hang on all' so long as she floated; but he got talking among the crew, and they thought she might turn the turtle with them any minute, and they got the two lifeboats in the water in spite of all the ugly words I could think of. And then after that there was nothing left for me but to go too. We got picked up, and a consul sent us home, and there was a Board of Trade inquiry."

"Well, they couldn't take away your ticket for that, sir?"

"Couldn't they, by James? You don't know the brutes. They suspended my master's certificate for six months, and gave me a mate's ticket to go on with. The old Caspian had been sighted by a Charleston schooner after we left her, still afloat. She'd righted again, and so of course they thought my yarn was all a lie."

"She had lost her list when we passed her," Joist admitted, "and that's a holy fact."

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"You needn't tell me," retorted Power grimly. "I know it for myself. I've remembered it most days since that Yankee wreck-chart was handed in as evidence. I can tell you it's tolerable rough for a man who's been a master fifteen years to climb down to the other end again and be glad of a shop as third mate. I'm officering this ship just now; to-morrow we'll be in soundings and I sha'n't be allowed to take a watch! The mate will be set over me, a young slip of twenty-two who does the funny-dog business to make the other officers laugh at my bit of a stomach. Well, I know I'm not so slim as I was, and I suppose I am slow. But it doesn't come any the sweeter to me to remember it because he makes a sour joke out of it."

"Wait till he gets a wife and kids of 'is own," said Joist. "Then 'e'll not want to jump about the way 'e does and make all of the other hands do double work."

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Salvage Hunter, is taken from The Paradise Coal-Boat, a collection of short stories by Cutcliffe Hyne. Published by M. F. Mansfield, New York.

"Oh, a mate's a mate, and has to attend his duty," said Power, "only my time's past, and there's no error about that. Should I ever get shipped on this Black Pearl again, even if I offered to come for $25 a month? Not likely. Well, look here, Quartermaster, you keep your tongue quiet in your head, and if there's anything to be made out of the old Caspian you shall have a share."

"Then you have a plan, sir?"

"I have no plan. But if I can get this poor old head of mine to work after I'm turned in, and any ideas come to me, I promise that you shall stand in to get your share. And now I'll just slip below and prick off on the chart exactly where the old Caspian had drifted to when we saw her last."

* * *

Second Chapter

"I'D SCORN to twit you with your misfortunes, Michael," said Mrs. Power.

"Woman," retorted Power, "you've done nothing else since the luck turned—yes, even when the girls have been in the room with us. It's not what you've said so much as what you've done, and what you looked. You've not been to chapel once since it happened."

"How can I, for very shame? We've had the minister in to supper every Sunday night since he's been on this circuit, and every one knows we can't do it now; and there's three other ladies that would invite him under my very nose so that I might hear."

"You do nothing now but stay at home and whimper."

Mrs. Power blew her nose vigorously.

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"Michael (sn'ff), Michael, I'm very sorry. I try to bear up, but losing the chapel society, and not having the minister in to supper is a blow, and there's no denying it. It's different for men, Michael. But when a woman's got used to being looked up to by her circle, and envied, it's very hard. I could put up with economizing and living in this smaller house; but what cuts me is that everybody knows why it is. It's everywhere just the same. Yesterday at the grocer's, when I asked for twenty-six-cent tea, the man laughed and said he supposed I'd tired of the thirty-five-cent tea we used to have. I tell you I could have cried then and there in the shop."

"You may think yourself deuced fortunate if you get any tea at all in the future," said Power gloomily. "I'm hanged if I see where it's coming from."

"Oh, Michael, you're never——"

"I am, and they were quite right, too. They've just paid me off at the office up in Newcastle. I'm not fit for a mate. I'm too old, and too fat, and too slow. If I'd been master of the Black Pearl I'd have fired such a mate out of her when we were loading the timber in Quebec. It was just a charity of the Captain to let me run home in her, and I guess he only did it because he's a Shields man himself, and he knew I'd had misfortune."

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Mrs. Power shivered and whimpered.

"What is to become of us?" she moaned. "We owe more than you have brought in, Michael, and I've only eighteen cents left of what I drew of your pay. And the money for your insurance is due to-morrow."

"Fat lot of chance there is of paying it."

"There's only twenty-nine more months to keep it up now, and then we should draw the whole $10,000. That would support us in comfort all our time, and put the girls into business, and everything. And if we miss a month, it all goes. You know it says so on the paper."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Power drearily.

"What will become of us?"

"They tell me," said Power with heavy flippancy, "that the Workhouse has just been repainted, and is really comfortable when you get used to the grub and the uniform."

Mrs. Power sobbed noisily into her apron.

Her husband went on: "You don't like the idea, old woman? Neither do I. Well, there seems just one chance of getting to windward of our luck, and I tell you that chance is a pretty sick one. Finding a needle in a truss of hay is easy compared to it. But I guess that chance is about all we've got, and if we don't like it we may as well bear up for the House at once."

Mrs. Power looked up, red-eyed and tremulous, but full of anxious questioning.

"It's the old Caspian I'm thinking about. She's afloat somewhere away up North. I saw her plain three nights ago, and a Quartermaster named Joist saw her, too, so there is no mistake. Now, I've pricked off where she was then, and I know what the winds have been since, and I can calculate the drift of the current. She's heading now for the North Cape of Norway, and I don't think any one else will pick her up.

"Y' know I told you that the Black Pearl came north-about for here, and she'll be the last vessel sailing that way this season. Belle Isle Straits would be frozen up directly after we got through. So you see the chances are that no one's seen the Caspian, unless she's blundered against one of the Iceland cod-men coming home, or gone and piled up on some skerry off the Shetlands."

Captain Power broke off and tapped the oilcloth table-cover with his fingers.

"And so you're going to give the information?" said his wife. "They won't pay you for it—not more than five dollars or so."

"'YOU DO NOTHING NOW BUT STAY AT HOME AND WHIMPER'"

"If you'd tell me who 'they' are?"

"Why, the owners."

"Yes, but who are the owners? The Company did own her once, but they got paid off by the underwriters. The underwriters gambled among themselves, and then they gave her up; and who owns her I don't know. Now, you've got to find out who the owners are, and buy up their interest in her."

"Me!" screamed Mrs. Power.

"Yes, you! Listen, and keep your head and we may cheat the Workhouse. I've been to one of them money-lender fellows, and he says he'll take up my insurance and give me $1250 for it—and not a penny more."

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"That'll never keep us our time, let us be as near as we may. And there'll be nothing left for the children."

"You'll drive me mad," said Power. "Wait and hear my plan. This $1250 all by itself's no good. It would keep us three years, and we'd be thinking all the time of what was coming next, and be just miserable. I'll leave you $750, and you must find out who are the owners of the Caspian and get them to resign all their claims for that. They'll do it fast enough; they think she's totally lost. And if you can't work it yourself, get a lawyer. Only do it, my lass, and do it right, or I'll have all my trouble for nothing. And then when you've got it snugly fixed up, you may stay at home and pray."

"Pray?" repeated Mrs. Powell tremulously. "What about, Michael?"

"You must pray," said the sailor grimly, "that the $500 I go off with may bring back interest a hundredfold."

"I don't understand you."

"I don't suppose you will. But if you'll put on your cloak and bonnet, and come down street with me to that money-lender's to get the notes, I'll explain to you as we go."

* * *

Third Chapter

AS THE shore lamps were being put out next morning, and day was warming over the autumn swells of the North Sea, a green clinker-built tug wound her way in and among the noisy traffic which plies upon the lower Tyne. As the tug paddled out between the pierheads, the harbor-extension men, who had just started work, noted that she carried coal in bulk upon her deck, and as they saw she was low in the water they guessed that her bunkers were full also, and deduced that she was on a long cruise.

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Some one said that "poor, fat, old Power, who got into that mess over the Caspian," was in command, and that one Joist, who had been hitherto rated merely as able seaman, was acting as mate; and added that it was a terrible come-down in the world for Power. Fancy a master of regular cargo-liners skippering a clinker-built tug!

The tug surged round the northern pierhead, her sponsons just clear of the water, and then she bore away on to a course which would carry her a little to eastward of Bressay, which is off Lerwick on the mainland of Shetland. Then her crew were split into watches, and those that could went below for a spell of sleep. They had all of them been working for the entire night, bunkering the tug, victualing her, and otherwise fitting her for a prolonged cruise; and weariness ached in all their bones.

The tug's complement was not excessive. There were three in the stokehold and engine-room, and there was the skipper, mate, and one deckhand above. That made six, all told, and they took it in turns to cook, and each watch messed together in its entirety. Tea was always simmering in the kettle, but meal times advertised themselves more accurately with a warm aroma of broiled bloaters.

Every day Captain Power, with sextant and chronometer, worked out the tug's position, just to keep his hand in, though he could have run to Shetland by dead reckoning and made a good landfall. And every day he studied a penciled track on the chart across the far-off northern sea, gazing at it for half his watches below with puckered brow, noting with deep anxiety every phase of the weather overhead, and finally, with the aid of parallel ruler and compass, adding a short pencil-line. He was following in imagination the drift-course of the Caspian.

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They picked up the light on Bressay one midnight, and were out of sight of the last skerry of the Shetlands when the next day broke dull and windy over the waters. There was a heavy sea running, but the little tug had burned up most of her deck load, and rode over it dryly, squattering with her paddles like some grotesque green fowl. Joist took over the watch (and the wheel) from Power at eight in the morning, but the tug's master did not go down. He stretched his limbs and peered through the sea-haze with his binoculars.

"Do you expect to find her as soon as this?" Joist queried.

"Not yet. By my reckoning, she should have drifted a good bit farther north and east. But yr know, Matey, it's only been guess-work, and the sea's big—blamed big!"

Joist sent tobacco-juice on to the wheel-grating. "If it wasn't," said he philosophically, "somebody else would have snapped her up months ago. When we saw her from the Black Pearl she must have meandered quite three thousand miles without being caught. I shouldn't give up hope if we didn't see her for a week after we come on the ground where you calculate that she will be."

"A week!" cried Power. "You don't understand what this is to me. I'm at the end of my string. Nobody will hire me to be master of another steamboat, and I'm not fit for anything else but a skipper's berth. I'm sixty-three years old this month, and I've followed the sea all my life; I can put my hand to no other trade. I've got no money left; I've spent my last twelve cents in chartering this tug; and I tell you I haven't the pluck to get back to South Shields and watch my old woman starve. You can call me a coward if you like, but I'm built that way. If the Caspian keeps away from our tow-rope, there's one man on this paddle-boat that's never going to see dry mud again, and that's old Michael Power."

"By gum," said Joist, with a scared face, "you mean business, and no mistake. But what about the rest of us? I'm not desperate like that myself; I want to live."

"When this tug gives over looking for the Caspian, my lad, you may do as you like," said Power. "I shall not be on hand to interfere." And he raised the binoculars again and began to peer through the haze which limited the cold horizon.

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Days came and the days went, some of them heavy with gale, and some of them dense with snowstorm; and when it was clear enough to see a thousand yards ahead, the green tug quartered that bleak northern sea in accurate zig-zags; and when the light failed, she lay to in the trough with banked fires, saving coal.

Michael's clothes never left his back; he rarely ate, he rarely slept; he still more rarely left the little yellow wooden pulpit which stood on the flying bridge between the paddle-boxes. The crew of the little green tug began to be afraid of him.

They were sick of being knocked about on those inhospitable seas, and when they asked questions he heard them like a man in a dream, and answered only with a grunt and a growl. But when they protested, he looked ugly in a way which scared them. Michael Power had not been a shipmaster all those years without knowing how to drive any hands who might be under him. Yet the chase was not without interest to all on board. The green tug's business had been told before she surged out from between the Tyne pierheads.

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An encouraging reward of $500 in gold had been promised to the man who first was lucky enough to sight the derelict, and it was looked for assiduously. A boatswain's chair had been slung high up on the tug's solitary mast, just above where she carried her light, and it was a very rare thing when some one of the crew off watch was not jockeying this and staring with all his might over the ruffled plains of ocean. And time after time an eager hail had been sent down to say that the longed-for derelict had at last been sighted. But each alarm was only one more bitter disappointment; it was the tail of the great Gulf Stream in which they were searching; and in a swill of that current wreckage is borne round half the world.

But at last the discontent of the crew grew to a climax. They had a weighty reason for discontinuing the search. Barely enough coal remained to carry them to the nearest port in Norway; and once their fuel was gone they would drift about helpless till they starved, for they were far north of all steam lanes and ship tracks. So they insisted on giving up the search and turning then and there toward a hospitable coast.

"We shall find her in two more days," said Power; "you'll see. And then we can rebunker from her. She'd a matter of two hundred or more tons of coal on board when we left her."

But even Joist deserted him now. "I'm afraid it's no go, Captain," he said. "We've been looking for her over long already. She's either gone ashore somewhere, or else been picked up. And we've got ourselves to consider now, sir."

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"Two more days," said Power, "and if I'm wroog, you can still get to Hammerfest and coal there. The tug's built of wood; you must rip the bulwarks off her, and make steam on those. Now be quiet, all of you, and get to your work. I will not be answered back. If you want another argument, it's here," he said, and patted a pocket bulging with the outline of a revolver.

The weary crew dragged themselves off to their posts, and Power, white-faced and haggard, settled himself down with his elbows on the ledge of the yellow pulpit. He rubbed his bleared eyes with the back of a grimy hand, and with a sigh brought up the binoculars. But of a sudden a surge of color came to his face, and his sight got misty. He put down the glasses and again mopped his eyesockets with the back of his hand; and then once more he peered at the sea-line.

"Only one whole stick standing," he murmured, "and that's her mainmast; funnel rusty-red, and not a drain of smoke coming from it. The Lord isn't cruel. He can't have made another exactly like my old beauty."

He watched on, open-mouthed, but silent, and then simultaneously a shout came from the one deckhand who was at the wheel beside him, and from a fireman off watch who was riding in the boatswain's chair at the foremast head.

"Steamer on the port bow." "Wreck to loo'ard. It's the old Caspian." "It's my money!" "No! I saw her first!"

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Power rose briskly to his feet and put the glasses in their box and snapped down the lid. "You needn't quarrel over it," he said. "I saw her first myself, as it happened, but I never heard pleasanter words than what you two fellows spoke, and you shall have $500 apiece when we get that steamboat tied up against a dock wall. Now bear a hand to get that litter cleared from the jolly, and swing her davits out-board."

The news spread below. Smoke began to billow in greasy coils from the funnel, and the paddles beat in quicker time. The green tug crawled along with a new industry, and the rust-streaked derelict waited sullenly in the trough till she drew alongside. The jolly-boat kissed the water; Joist and a fireman took the oars; and once more Captain Michael Power stood on the deck from which Fate had so unkindly shouldered him.

The two inferiors looked about them with professional appreciation, Power with lingering affection. The fireman poked his head inside the engine-room skylight and said, "Well, them machines is only fit for the scrap-heap anyway." Joist commented on the weight of the seas, which had swept away boats, bridge, bulwarks, and almost all the upper works.

But Power laughed like a child and said delightedly: "Why, there's my old meerschaum lying on the chart-house floor, and not broken. Fancy such a thing!"

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They ran about the Caspian for all of an hour, observing; and then began a spell of savage labor, which was to be continued without intermission till the little green tug had berthed the helpless, unwieldy bulk inside the harbor walls of Aberdeen.

They had first to rebunker the tug from the Caspian's store, filling the coal into bags, and ferrying each bag across an angry sea in a cranky twelve-foot boat; and they had to get towing hawsers passed; and then they had to still further weaken their weak crew by leaving two men on the derelict to steer her with the hand wheel. Gales came down on them in cruel succession, and often they made a bare twenty miles of headway in the day. The water which came on board froze where it fell, and every one who worked in the open got frost-bitten.

The tug was light and tow was heavy; the big ship would neither steer nor follow. She sheered cumbersomely, first to this side, and then to that, so that the hawser was forever chafing away its parceling on the arch of the tow-bridge. Again and again they had to tranship coal in the tossing jolly-boat, to scour the big ship for provisions, to stop and repair their own engines. The men on deck got covered with salt-water boils; the men below were sick with work.

The story of that voyage home is one long tale of heroic effort, but it need not be told in detail here. But of all the men who bravely went through those Herculean labors, Michael Power stood out conspicuously. It was his brain which directed everything; his hand was always the first to move. He never seemed to sleep. A rosy colored vision dragged him on with a pull which there was no resisting. He saw himself and his wife back in the old house, with new paint everywhere, and the minister supping with them on Sundays, as in time gone by. He saw his daughters set up in the millinery business of their hearts' desire. And he saw his own poultry farm in the country.

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Now it would be pleasant to chronicle the fact that all these aspirations of Captain Power came into actual being, with full completeness, but truth compels a modification of the tale. When the green tug brought her charge within the safe keeping of the granite city's port, the crew of sailors were more fit for hospital than anything else. Indeed, help had to be called in to berth her, and when the strain was taken off him, Michael Power tumbled down on the dirty floor of the tug's cabin and slept there, like a man dead, for twenty-eight consecutive hours.

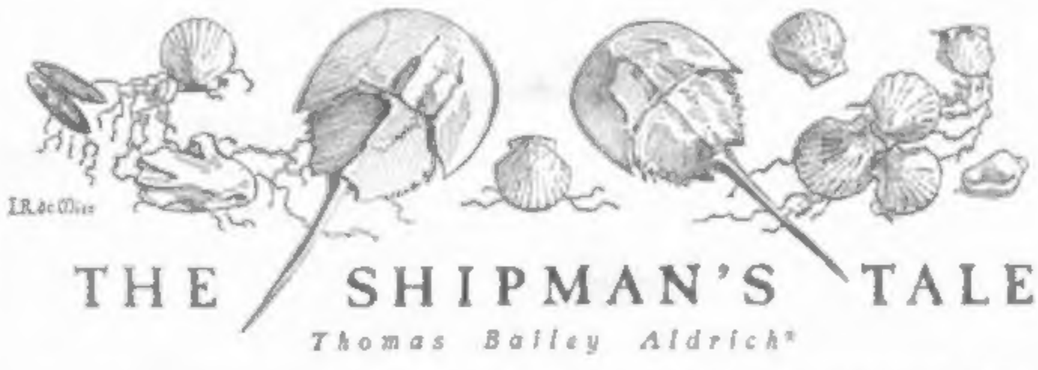
He awoke to find himself not only famous but rich. The Caspian, beyond the loss of her boats and superstructure, had in reality suffered very little. Her engines, which had been so contemptuously relegated to "scrap-heap" value, could be put to rights for $1000. And the machinery under hatches, thanks to the strong cases in which it was stowed, was as good as ever it had been. The ship and cargo had officially been considered by Lloyd's as totally lost; his wife, acting on her instructions, had bought all up for a song. In less than a month he found himself sole owner of $130,000.

It was Mrs. Power who lost her head under this shower of affluence. She went back to the chapel, it is true, but the chapel circle looked upon her with suspicion. She could not help it, poor woman; she was too grand for them. And so she 'verted to the Established Church (with Michael and the girls in her train), and the chapel circle, once so sighed for, now knows them no more.

They should be entirely happy, and yet I am afraid they are not. Michael is a church-warden. The vicar calls and gets subscriptions and afternoon tea. The Misses Power have forgotten all about their aspirations in the millinery line, and tell strangers that "papa" (Heaven save the mark!) "used to be in the Navy." But the vicar, who is a proud man and a married, never asks any of the family back to take tea with him, and this is a very sore place; and, moreover, the Captain of the Black Pearl also lives in South Shields, and his wife has worked her way up from below into the chapel set. That good woman once made overtures of friendship to Mrs. Power which were not accepted, and now, whenever the name crops up in conversation, she always brings forth a reminiscence of how poor fat old Michael fared when he was third mate on that autumn voyage north-about from Quebec.

So really the trouble might be said to have originated with the Fates which gave Captain Power $130,000 for his salvage, instead of the third of that sum, with which amount he would have been very well satisfied; and one is driven to the conclusion that the Fates are entirely too impulsive and want regulating.

"THE RUST-STREAKED DERELICT WAITED SULLENLY"



THE SHIPMAN'S TALE

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich**

LISTEN, my masters! I speak naught but truth.
From dawn to dawn they drifted on and on,
Not knowing whither nor to what dark end.
Now the North froze them, now the hot South scorched.
Some called to God and found great comfort so,
Some gnashed their teeth with curses, and some laughed
An empty laughter, seeing they yet lived,
So sweet was breath between their foolish lips.
Day after day the same relentless sun,
Night after night the same unpitying stars.
At intervals fierce lightnings tore the clouds,
Showing vast hollow spaces, and the sleet
Hissed, and the torrents of the sky were loosed.
From time to time a hand relaxed its grip,
And some pale wretch slid down into the dark
With stifled moan, and transient horror seized
The rest who waited, knowing what must be.
At every turn strange shapes reached up and clutched
The whirling wreck, held on a while, and then
Slipt back into that blackness whence they came.
Ah, hapless folk to be so tost and torn,
So racked by hunger, fever, fire and wave,
And swept at last into the nameless void—
Frail girls, strong men, and mothers with their babes!
And were none saved?
My masters, not a soul!
Oh, shipman, woeful, woeful is thy tale!
Our hearts are heavy and our eyes are dimmed.
What ship is this that suffered such ill-fate?
What ship, my masters? Know ye not?—the world!

HIS RIVAL FOR THE PRIZE

THE STORY OF A GENIUS

By Richard Marsh *With Drawings by Fred Lowenheim*

TO HIM, the idea, from all points of view, suggested nothing but objections. He told her so.

"You know, Philippa, I don't believe, as the cant of the day has it, that a woman ought to earn for herself her daily bread; and that a woman should earn her husband's daily bread as well—to me, the mere idea of such a thing is nauseous. There may be men who are content to take the good which their wives provide. Thank goodness I am not one of them! In this matter I am old-fashioned in my notions. I look at woman from a point of view which is, perhaps, my own. To me, the woman who, urged even by necessity, works for money, falls away from her high estate. I pity her, but—not that woman, if you please, for me. Necessity, Philippa, surely does not urge you. Am I not always at your side? My day will come—come shortly! Only wait!"

Putting his arm about her waist, he looked up into her face, with, in his eyes, a certain light of laughter. "Besides, in the great army of the workers, what work do you think there is for you? Do you think that in you there is the right material for the making of a woman of letters, Philippa?"

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So he kissed her, and she said nothing. She could only let him fondle her, as though they still were sweethearts. For she loved him, and he loved her. But though she loved him, in her heart there was a hot remonstrance, which she allowed to remain unspoken, because she loved him. It was easy to say that there was no necessity to prick her with a spur. But there were the tradesmen's bills unpaid, the rent in arrears, and the children wanted things—not to speak of herself and of him. And there was a drawer full of his unaccepted manuscripts. They went hither and thither, from editor to editor, and then for the most part they seemed to settle in the drawer.

She understood well enough what he meant when he asked if she thought that she had in herself the making of a woman of letters. She had been a nothing and a nobody. She had not even been very pretty. Certainly no superfluity of money had been thrown away upon her education. It was not at all as it is in the story books, but, quite by chance, he met her. Before he knew it, he was wooing her. And, when things came to the worst at home, he married her—she having nothing which she could call her own except the things which she was wearing. And he had very little more. It was not strange that he should doubt if in her there was the making of a woman of letters—she who, save in the way of love letters, had scarcely ever written a line in her life.

Geoffrey Ford was a genius. He had given her to understand that from the very first—in the days when, in her ignorance, she scarcely understood what a genius was. He gave her to understand it still, almost every day. With him, to write was to live. To be a great writer was the dream of his life. He strove to realize his dream with that dogged pertinacity which is only to be seen in the case of a master passion. When they first were married, he was struggling to be a dramatist. He was conscious that, in the trade of the writer, wealth was only to be achieved by the successful playwright.

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He believed that his was essentially the playwright's instinct. While his plays met with abundance of good words, they did not attain production. It seemed as if they never would. When they began to be actually starving, she suggested that he should put aside playwriting for a time and try to earn money by other products of his pen. He had acted on her suggestion. He had become that curiosity of modern civilization—a writer for the magazines. And, in a way, he had been successful. He was earning, possibly, an irregular $750 a year. But what is an irregular, a very irregular, $750 a year when there are three babies? And yet, he said that there was no spur of necessity to urge her on.

The worst of it war, she was beginning to be a doubter. She would not own it, even to herself, but she was beginning to fear that he might be mistaking the desire to be for the power to be. What he considered his best work invariably came back. He said that this was because editors were unable to appreciate strikingly original ideas when they were presented to them by a wholly unknown man. What they desired was the commonplace, not the original, and when he said this, she—well, she simply said nothing.

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From the first she had insisted on his reading aloud to her everything he wrote. Unconsciously to herself, she had become a critic. She was beginning to fear that he was only at home in the lower levels. When he soared, he floundered. It was only among the hacks that he held his own. So far from hinting to him her fears, she would almost rather have died than have allowed him to know she had them. Their love for each other had never faltered, even when their cupboard was emptiest. It had seemed to grow stronger with the coming of each child. And it appeared to her that, but for him, she would have fallen out long ago.

Lately there had been growing up within her a desire to add to the family income. And, oddly enough, it had seemed to her that the best way to do this would be by writing. She had suggested to Geoffrey, playfully, that she should join her pen to his—that they should collaborate. He had received her playful suggestion in such a way that she had not ventured to repeat it in earnest. She knew him, through and

*The poem, The Shipman's Tale, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, was taken from Harper's Magazine.

through. She knew that he desired to succeed, not only for himself, but, first of all, for her. He loved his work for the work's sake. He cared nothing for fame in the sense of popularity, or its equivalent, notoriety. In that respect he was clear-sighted; he knew what the thing was worth.

For himself he cared nothing for the material products of success. His own tastes were of the simplest kind. He desired to achieve success simply that he might pour the fruits of success into her lap. He wished her to owe nothing to any one but to himself, to owe nothing even to her own self. He wanted to be all in all to her, to have his love her beginning and her end.

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She knew this. Yet—the rent was overdue. Of late his manuscripts seemed coming back worse than ever. He seemed to be out of the vein. And the children wanted things so badly. And so——

Well, one day he came to her with an expression of countenance which she knew so well. It meant that a new idea, some fresh project, either was germinating, or else had germinated, in his mind. In his hand he held a newspaper.

"Philippa, I am going to do what I have told you I thought that I should never do—I am going in for a prize competition. See here." He opened the paper out in front of her. "The North British Telegraph is offering $2500 for the best story, $1250 for the second best, and $500 for the third best. I am going to win one of those prizes—mark my words, and see if I don't."

He was kneeling at the table by her chair. She had her hand upon his shoulder. She smiled as he spoke. She knew his tone so well. He was always going to do this, that or the other. But, somehow, after all, he seldom did it. He seemed to be unfortunate.

"Are you? The money would be useful just now."

"Useful! I should think it would! Why, to us it would be a fortune. But that's not the only thing. You know how ideas come to me in an instant. Directly I saw that announcement, I saw the story which will be the very thing."

"Did you?" her heart grew faint. She was beginning to be a little afraid of his sudden flashes of inspiration. "How long is the story to be, dear?"

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"It does not say exactly, but it says that it should not exceed a hundred and fifty thousand words. It will give me elbow room. I shall have a chance to let myself go—to get into my stride. I am sick of dancing in fetters, with a limit of four thousand words or so. It confines my best thoughts."

"But it will take you a long time to write such a story—won't it?"

"Oh, about six weeks. It will take me no time, when I am once well into the story. You know how I do travel when I once have got my grip. It is half mapped out in my head already. Every line of it will practically be written before I begin. There will only be the pen-work to do." Putting both his hands upon her shoulders, he stooped his eager face to hers. "Philippa, you see if I don't perform the trick right this time!"

"Geoffrey, if I were you, I wouldn't be so sanguine. You know how disappointed you have been before."

Thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets, he began to stride about the room.

"Yes, I know that is so, and I won't be sanguine. But, somehow, I feel quite certain that, this time, I have the thing—however, I'll say nothing. But don't you tell me not to be sanguine, or you'll put me clean off—you know how funny I am that way. You keep the children quiet, and don't let me hear a sound, and you'll see—well, you'll see what you will see." He laughed, and she laughed, too. "Don't you laugh at me! If I don't get the first prize it'll be hard lines if I don't get one of the three—even $500 is not to be despised, my dear."

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"But, Geoffrey, what will become of your other work during those six weeks? And you know, when you have finished a long story, you never feel inclined to start again at once on another."

"Don't talk to me like that, or you'll drive me off my head. Philippa, I've set my heart upon doing this thing—do let me do it. You don't want me to be a penny-a-liner all my life, sweetheart, do you? By-the-way, I saw The Leviathan at the library. There's a first-rate story in it, by a new man—Philip Ayre. I know good work when I see it, and that is good work. And, do you know, it might almost be a story about us—you should read it, dear. It is called Two in One."

Wandering aimlessly about the room, he did not notice that his wife's face had suddenly been bent low over her mending, and that her cheeks had paled. "Another thing, I met old Briggs." Mr. Briggs was their landlord. "I assure you, when I saw him coming, I was half inclined, Dick Swiveller fashion, to dodge down some side-street. I made sure he was going to dun, and that I should have to shuffle. But, to my surprise, he was quite friendly. He asked how you were, and how the children were, and never said a word about the rent. So, of course, I said nothing either. I'm just going for a stroll, and a smoke, and a think. Mind, when you go to the library, that you don't forget to read that thing in The Leviathan. It's good."

When he had gone, spreading out the paper which he had brought in front of her, she began attentively to study the announcement of the North British Telegraph prize story competition. Putting down the figures—150,000—upon a scrap of paper, she began to divide and to subdivide them, as if she were trying to find out exactly what they meant. When she had finished her calculations, she continued to sit in a brown study, quite oblivious of the heap of mending which still lay unfinished on her knee.

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"If I could only help him to win it—if I only could! Poor Geoff! The day on which he could give me $2500 as the product of his own work would be the happiest day that he had ever known. My own, own loving Geoff!

"I wonder if he will win it! Oh, if he only would! But supposing that he does not win it, it would be just as well that—that some one else should win it—some one in—in his own home. Oh, what a wicked wretch I am! What's that? It's baby! I do hope she won't wake up. There's all this mending, and I've only milk enough for one more bottle. There! She is waking up! You naughty, naughty, darling child!"

The next day Geoffrey Ford began his story. He began to pour it out upon the paper white hot from the furnace of his brain. Seldom had he seen his way so clearly. It had come, as he said, in an instant. It possessed him body, and soul, and mind, as his work was wont to possess him when, as he thought, he saw his way.

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His ideas would come to him with the force of a mighty rushing river. He could not dam them back. He felt that he was obliged to give them instant utterance or they would overflow the banks and so be lost. He worked best, or he thought that he worked best, at high pressure. Not for him was the journeyman hard labor of hammering out tediously, and with infinite care, cold iron.

The story was to be called The Beggar. He had even got the title! It was one of those half-psychological, half-transcendental stories in the turnings and twistings of which he liked to give his fancy scope. His fault was not too little imagination, but too much. The task of keeping it within due bounds was not only a task which he hated, but possibly it was a task which was beyond his strength. There are impressionists in painting. He was an impressionist in literature. He was fond of large effects—effects which were dashed in by a single movement of the brush. To descend to details was, he thought, a descent indeed. He was conscious that there was a public which would read a volume which, from first to last, only dealt with the minutest particularity, with a couple of days in the life of a single individual. That was a public he despised. He preferred to deal with a whole life in the course of a couple of pages.

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He was, in short, a genius. And when I say a genius, I mean, in this connection, a wholly unmanageable person. As you read his work, you felt that you were in the presence of an exceptional mind—in the presence of a man who saw things, great things, things worth seeing, which were hidden from other men—who saw them, as it were, by flashes of lightning. That was just how he did see them—by flashes of lightning. He saw them for an instant, then no more. Partially, and not the whole. In a lurid light, which confused and almost blinded the beholder.

So, whenever you read a work of his, you were startled, first by the light, then by the darkness. It seemed strange that a man who one moment could be so light the next could be so dull. Soon you began to be irritated. Then you were bored. When you reached the end—if you ever reached the end—you wondered if the man was mad, or if he was merely stupid.

He was neither. He was a genius who, so far, declined to allow himself to be managed. When he became manageable, he would cease to be a genius—in the sense in which the word is here being used. Then, if he wrote at all, he would write what the plainest of plain men could plainly read.

The idea of his story was not an unattractive one—to a certain sort of writer. It was to be the story of a beggar, of a man who asked for alms in the streets, and who, by the exercise of certain arts which verged upon the marvelous, amassed a large fortune.

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Geoffrey Ford proposed to follow the beggar as he amassed his fortune and to show what he did with his fortune, when he once had gained it. And in the little room upstairs, the wife sat with the children, watching over their every movement to see that they made no unnecessary sound. They were all good children.

When papa was writing, even the baby seemed to try to keep the peace. The little ones seemed willing to give up the birthright of a child—the right to enter into the heritage of life with a rush of happy noise.

And below, the husband and the father wrote, and wrote, and wrote, and rushed about the room, chasing his dreams, so that he might imprison them, with ink, on paper.

The days went by, and the story grew. And so wrapped up was the writer in its growth that he failed to notice that about his wife there was something unusual and even a little strange. She was interested in his work, there could be no doubt of that. But she did not, as he was inclined to think that she was apt to do, worry him with continual questions as to how it was getting on, and inquiries into this, or that. She let him go his own way, without making so much as even one suggestion. She was wont to be a little too free with her suggestions, he sometimes fancied. For her suggestions hampered him. And—but this he did not notice—she went her own way, too.

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Rather an odd way it seemed to be. For one thing, she seemed to be unusually busy. She did not come into the room in which he was working, even after the children had gone to bed. She seemed to have something on her mind. She became distinctly paler. It might have been illness, or it might have been anxiety, or it might have been overwork. A queer look came into her eyes. Sometimes it was almost like a look of apprehension.

Then there would sometimes come a queer timidity in all her movements, as if she were even afraid of him. Then it would be like a look of vacancy, as if her thoughts were far away. When that vacant look was there, she seemed to be unconscious of her husband's presence—just as he had a trick, in his meditative moods, when he was thinking of his work, of becoming unconscious of her. Then, again, as one looked into her eyes, one would have thought that she was possessed by some mastering excitement.

One afternoon her husband came in from his daily visit to the Library Reading-Room.

He was not in his happiest mood. He was a man of moods. When the black mood was upon him all the world was black.

"On my word, I do not know what things are coming to. There's Graham, of The Leviathan, sends back everything I send to him. That manuscript which came back this morning he has had two months, and it's a first-rate thing. Then he goes and fills his pages with stuff which I wouldn't put my name to. The new number's out, and there's another story in it by that man Philip Ayre. I never read such rubbish in my life."

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His wife had looked up at him, as he came in, with a smile of welcome. When he began to speak of The Leviathan her face dropped again. It went paler than even it was wont to do. There was a tremor in her voice as she spoke.

"I thought you said that that other story of his was rather good."

"It was good enough—of its kind. But it's a kind I hate. There's a craze about for sickly pathos, which, to me, is simply disgusting. In that man Ayre there's the making of a popular writer. Mark my words, and see if he doesn't make a hit—you see. And it is to make room for such men as Ayre that I shall be condemned to eat my heart out till I die."

Putting down her work, his wife came to him from the other side of the table.

"Geoffrey, don't say that!"

Tears were actually in her eyes.

"Philippa, what's the matter?" As he put his arms about her and drew her on to his knee, he felt that she was trembling. "Sweetheart, what is wrong?"

"Don't speak like that of Philip Ayre!"

"Not speak like that of Philip Ayre! Why, lady, do you hold a brief for him? You silly child! It's only a foolish way I have. But if you could only realize how I long, and long, and strive, and strive, to stand up with the best of them, you would understand how it galls me to find how I am thrust aside by men whose work seems to me to be so poor a thing. For their work's sake, I almost begin to hate the men."

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"Geoffrey! Geoffrey! Not that! Not that! Oh, don't say that!"

Flinging both her arms about his neck, she burst into an hysterical flood of weeping—she who never cried.

"Dear heart! Tell me! What is wrong? Philippa! Philippa!—my wife."

She did not tell him what was wrong. It seemed as if she could not tell him what was wrong. Perhaps, as he told himself, it was because, after all, there was nothing wrong. She was certainly out of sorts that day—unusually out of sorts for Philippa.

After a short while he began to speak upon another theme.

"Sweetheart, if something doesn't come in soon—and I don't know where it's going to come from—I can't see what we shall do for money. I don't know if you are acquainted with the state of the family finances. What we must owe the people I am afraid to think. Why they don't worry us more than they do is a mystery to me. I see you've been getting new boots for the children. They wanted them. But they'll have to be paid for, I suppose. Never mind! All things come to those who wait, and luck will come to me. I'm sure I've waited. Let's hope that an unexpected check will come along. Anyhow, wait until The Beggar is finished. It'll be a splendid thing—you see! I'm putting some of the best work into it I ever did. If it doesn't win the first prize, it's bound to win the third. Why, Philippa, your eyes are red. The idea of your crying because I was pushed against the wall to make room for an unknown ass like Mr. Philip Ayre!"

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The Beggar was finished. It was sent in. Then came the weeks of waiting. Geoffrey Ford did scarcely any work. The larger proportion of the work he did came back again. He seemed to be in a curious frame of mind—as though he took it for granted that that $2500 was already on its way to him and he would soon get it.

"If I get that $2500," he would say, "I'll do this, or that."

His wife grew sick at heart.

"Geoffrey, I wish you wouldn't think about it so much. You make me think about it, too. And then, if you don't get it, you know what a bitter disappointment it will be to both of us."

"I suppose you take it for granted that I sha'n't get it?"

"I don't take anything for granted. I never do. I wish you wouldn't, either."

"There's one thing, I don't believe that these competitions are conducted fairly. I don't see how they can be. I don't see how any man, or any set of men, can wade through a cart load of manuscripts in such a manner as to be able to judge, with

"QUITE OBLIVIOUS OF THE HEAP OF MENDING"

critical nicety, which is the best one in the truckful. But I'm sure of this: I don't believe that any man sent in a better story than The Beggar—a more original one, I mean. I know the sort of people who enter for these competitions—a lot of wretched amateurs, without any style or imagination."

"'I AM PHILIP AYRE'"

She said nothing in reply. What could she say? She knew that it was not only conceit which prompted him to talk like that. She understood quite well the almost anguished longing which filled his heart. Her heart throbbed pulse for pulse with his.

Returned manuscripts seemed to annoy him more than usual. He was case-hardened, as a rule. When they reappeared, he simply packed them up again and sent them off upon another journey. Especially was he irritated by the return of a manuscript he had sent to the Monthly Magazine.

"I knew that would come back. I see that Philip Ayre has something in this month's number. I don't know who he is. So far as I know, he is the very last discovery. But I believe that that man is destined to be my evil star."

His wife went white to the lips.

"Geoffrey! I wish you wouldn't talk like that. It doesn't sound like you at all."

"I suppose they're quite right in preferring his work to mine, only——" He shrugged his shoulders. "Philippa, I sometimes wish that you were a writer. Then you would understand me better. You would understand what I feel when I see the dream of my life growing dimmer and dimmer, and more dreamlike every day."

Philippa made no reply.

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The day approached on which the conductors of the North British Herald had stated that they would announce the winners in their competition for stories. Geoffrey Ford's anxiety increased to fever heat. His heart stood still every time he heard the postman's knock. His wife knew that it was so, although he did his best to hide how it was with him.

"To-morrow," he said, "I shall know if I have won."

"Or," his wife suggested faintly, "if you have lost."

"Or, as you say, if I have lost. But we won't speak of losing. I have never put my heart into anything as I have put it into this. I am sure that The Beggar is the best work I have ever done—I am sure of it. I will go further, and say I believe it is as good work as I shall ever do. Upon my honor, Philippa, something tells me I shall win—it does! Oh, if I could only win!"

He had arranged that a copy of the issue of the paper containing the announcement should be sent to him by post. That morning the postman brought him two inclosures. One was a bulky parcel. When he saw it his heart all at once ceased beating. He had to gasp for breath. Without a word, he began to unfasten it, with hands which trembled. Philippa bustled noisily about the breakfast table, as if her own heart was not working like a wheezy pair of broken bellows.

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"Philippa! It's The Beggar!—the manuscript—come back again!"

"Never mind." How she tried to speak in the most commonplace of voices. "You can send it somewhere else. It's sure to get accepted."

"Send it somewhere else?" She saw that his lips were twitching, that his face seemed bloodless. "But—I don't understand. Not a single word of explanation is inclosed. I don't know what it can mean. Perhaps there's some mistake. Let's—let's see who's won. May be—I have——"

The other inclosure which had come for him was obviously a copy of the paper. He tore it open with trembling hands. He searched its columns for the announcement.

"Oh—my God!" he cried brokenly.

"Geoffrey! What's the matter? Who has won? Oh, Geoffrey, have you won?"

"Me! Me!" He rose to his feet, as it were, inch by inch. "It's Philip Ayre!"

"Philip Ayre!"

Falling on her knees beside the table, Mrs. Ford covered her face with her hands.

"It's Philip Ayre! Didn't I tell you he was destined to be my evil star? Curse——"

Mrs. Ford rose up in front of him.

"Geoffrey, be careful what you say! I am Philip Ayre!"

"You! What do you mean?"

She advanced to him, on tottering feet, with outstretched hands.

"Geoffrey, I am Philip Ayre!"

"You are Philip Ayre? What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, Geoffrey, don't you understand? Philippa—Philip Ayre!"

There was a moment's pause—a pause which, probably, neither of them ever would forget as long as they lived.

"You—you are Philip Ayre! How dull I must have been not to have seen the pretty play upon your name before. Philippa—Philip Ayre. Of course! So you have been my rival. My wife—the mother of my children—the woman I loved better than all the world."

"Geoffrey, don't say that I have been your rival! Not that!"

"No? Not my rival? What then?"

"I did it all for you!"

"For me? I see. I am beginning, for the first time, to understand the meaning of words. You did it for me? This is not a foreign language which you are speaking—I suppose it is English?"

"Geoffrey, will you listen to me for a moment?"

"Certainly; and I shall understand that I am listening to you, to your own self, for the first time. It is some one else I have listened to before. Proceed, Mr. Philip Ayre."

•

She seemed to find some difficulty in proceeding. Very soon she was to give another child unto the world. Perhaps it was that which made her seem so weak. She never had been very pretty. She had not grown prettier with the passage of years. Now, as she stood trembling so that she had to clutch at the table to keep her stand, she seemed an insignificant, pale-faced, ill-shaped woman—not a thing of beauty. She seemed to be in terror of some kind.

"Geoffrey, I would have told you all along, only I was afraid."

"Afraid to tell me that you had set up as a rival in the business? I see. Go on."

"I wouldn't have done it at all if we hadn't been so short of money."

"Which was because you had a blundering fool for a husband. That is clear. Well?"

"The children wanted things, and—and there were the bills, and—and the rent."

"Which you paid. Now I understand Mr. Briggs' civility and the tradesmen's reticence. I have been living on my wife. What a blind worm a man who has the use of his eyes can be!"

"I never meant to be your rival—never, Geoffrey, never."

"Mr. Philip Ayre——"

"Don't call me Mr. Philip Ayre!"

"Why not? Why shouldn't I? Aren't you Mr. Philip Ayre?"

"Oh, Geoffrey! Geoffrey! Don't—don't!"

She knelt down before him, so that her hands fell on his knees as he was seated on his chair. He moved her hands and rose.

"Let us understand each other quietly, Philippa. I told you, before we were married, how I regarded a woman who worked for money. I had no objection to women who worked for money. That was no affair of mine. I simply objected to make such a one my wife. I imagined, when you became my wife, that you would make my hopes and my ambitions yours. Indeed, you told me that you would. I was poor, and you were poor. You knew that I would work for you with all my strength. And so I have done.

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"When, a while ago, you suggested that you, too, should become a laborer for hire, I told you, with such courtesy as I could command, that, to me, the idea was nauseous. Perhaps I should have told you then what, indeed, I had told you before, and what I tell you now again, that rather than have a wife who worked for money, I would have no wife. You were perfectly aware of this. You were well acquainted with what I thought upon the matter.

"I do not say that my thoughts and feelings were correct. Still, they were mine. You said you loved me. You swore it every day. I never dreamed that to you my wishes were nothing, and less than nothing. And that you deliberately set yourself to cheat me out of the fruits of what you well knew was the labor and the longing of my life——"

"Not cheat you, Geoffrey—no, not cheat you! That is not so! You can't mean it!"

"Yes, cheat me! Cheat me! I suppose that you sat upstairs and pretended to keep the children quiet, while I sat down here and wrote. And for every page I wrote, you wrote another, the object of which was to rob me of the life-blood with which I had written mine. But far be it from me to reproach you, Mr. Philip Ayre. You have won, and I—poor devil!—I have lost. It is the fortune of war. I am without a penny. You have your $2500. And, as it is quite impossible for me to consent to be the recipient of charity from the woman who calls herself my wife, I have the pleasure, Mr. Philip Ayre, of wishing you good-day."

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She sprang between the door and him.

"Geoffrey! What are you going to do?"

"I am going to live my own life. I am going to earn my own living under the shelter of a roof for which I myself have paid. I am going to meet you with the gloves off, in fair and open fight, not behind a hedgerow, with a gun in my hand, Mr. Philip Ayre. Now—do you understand?"

"Geoffrey, any—any hour I may be taken ill. Have you no pity for me?"

"What do you wish me to do? I will stay here until you are well, but only until then, on the understanding that not a penny of your money is to be used for me."

By noon their fourth child was born.

When the nurse came to the sitting-room door she found Geoffrey pacing round and round, like some wild creature in a cage.

"Mr. Ford, sir?"

He looked round with a frightened start.

"Yes, nurse."

"Mrs. Ford would like to see you, sir."

"To see me? Oh! Is she well enough?"

"Well, sir, she's not so well as she might be. But she says that it would do her good to see you. Only you mustn't let her talk too much, nor yet you mustn't stay too long."

"I won't stay too long."

He went upstairs. He paused for a moment outside the bedroom door. Then he entered the room.

"Geoff, I'm going to die!"

Her words so frightened him that, in the suddenness of his fear, he staggered backward and clutched a chair.

"To die!"

"All along I knew that I should. I knew it when I was writing that wicked book—the book which has won the prize, I mean. Perhaps that was why I wrote it. It is the best way out of the trouble. I should never have been the same wife to you again. I know you so well. But, Geoffrey, you won't refuse to accept a legacy from me when I'm dead. It is the only thing I have ever had to give you. For the children's sake, and the little baby's sake, and mine."

•

He sat on a chair by the bedside, trying to hold himself in, as it were, with every muscle of his body.

"Philippa, you mustn't talk like that."

"If you'll forgive me, Geoff, I'll be content—only promise that you'll accept my legacy."

"Not if you die, I won't."

"Geoff!"

"I'll accept it if you live."

Holding the baby in his arms, he knelt beside the bed. She turned to him. They were face to face. As he began to perceive how she had wasted to a shadow, it did not seem as if he could read enough of the story which was told upon her face. She did not seem as if she could gaze long enough at him.

"Geoffrey, do you really mean that if I live and get well, really and truly well, you will take me for your wife again—that I shall be to you the same wife that I have always been?"

"Philippa, if one of us is to die for the other, let me be the one to die."

"Geoff, I do believe that if there is anything which must be done, you must be the one to do it. Can't you understand, that if you love to do great things for me, I also love to do great things for you? I can't help it. It was that which made me Philip Ayre. That alone."

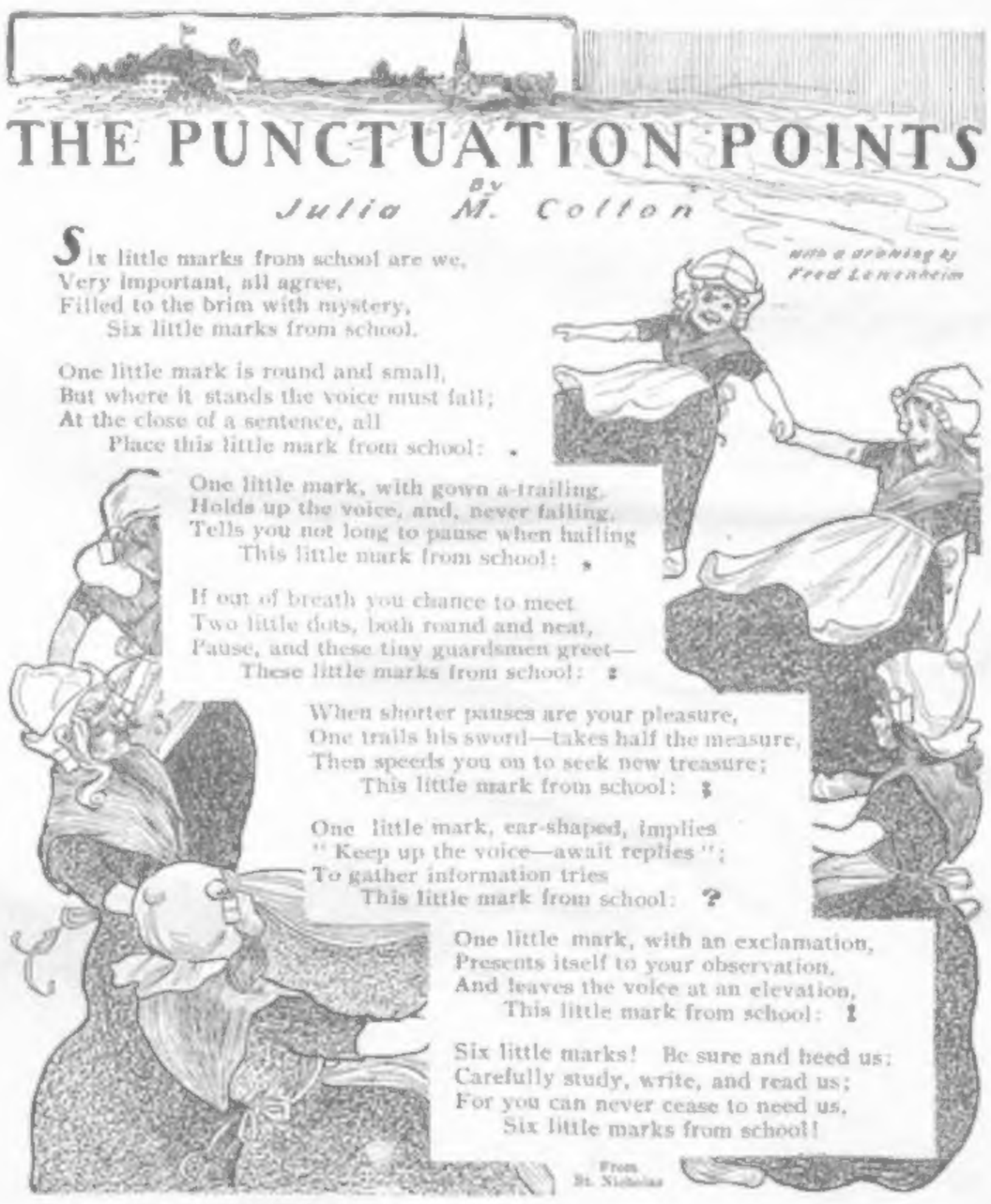
"Be Philippa—or Philip Ayre. Only—stay with baby and with me."

She was silent for some moments as she lay and looked at him with a singular intensity of gaze.

"I think, Geoffrey, I shall live."

THE PUNCTUATION POINTS

By Julia M. Colton



Six little marks from school are we,
Very important, all agree,
Filled to the brim with mystery,
Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small,
But where it stands the voice must fall;
At the close of a sentence, all
Place this little mark from school: .

One little mark, with gown a-trailing,
Holds up the voice, and, never failing,
Tells you not long to pause when hailing
This little mark from school: ,

If out of breath you chance to meet
Two little dots, both round and neat,
Pause, and these tiny guardsmen greet—
These little marks from school: :

When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
One trails his sword—takes half the measure,
Then speeds you on to seek new treasure;
This little mark from school: ;

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies
"Keep up the voice—await replies";
To gather information tries
This little mark from school: ?

One little mark, with an exclamation,
Presents itself to your observation,
And leaves the voice at an elevation,
This little mark from school: !

Six little marks! Be sure and heed us;
Carefully study, write, and read us;
For you can never cease to need us,
Six little marks from school!

With a drawing by Fred Lenekheim

From St. Nicholas

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728
Philadelphia, October 15, 1898

• • •

The Danger Side of Improvement

"They are blasting the Palisades to procure building stone. They are converting the banks of beautiful Hudson into a veritable quarry. But it is all part of the march of modern improvement."

THE great danger in all progress is the tendency to expansion, over-elaboration, over-doing, carrying a good idea too far. This is degeneration through improvement. It is peculiarly characteristic of this end of the century.

The modern system of education is a brilliant example of this failure through false ideas of what constitutes improvement. The great need of the individual is a basic quickening of the senses and a clear training in proper methods of thinking. Modern education gives everything but these essentials.

Our public schools have become educational hot-houses. Our colleges have degenerated into knowledge factories. The child's mind is stuffed with facts it is unable to digest, after the manner of feeding and fattening Strasburg geese for the market. An elaborate educational menu is provided, and the helpless children are forced to eat of every dish on the table. Every year new studies are added to the already cruelly over-crowded course—sewing, wood-carving, Spanish, meteorology, or any of a dozen other new studies, supported by the indorsements of specialists. Whether these studies in themselves are good is not the question. No new study is good when added to an already full course. In the attempt to absorb fifty studies, the child masters none. The over-crowding in the school is no fit preparation for the over-crowding in the college. You cannot strengthen the weak foundation of a building by forcing it to sustain new gilded turrets, balconies and domes.

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Modern education is a victim of the subtle degeneracy that ever comes through "improvement." Some day in the future man will look back on the complicated system of education of the nineteenth century, this boasted education, with the same feeling of horror and contempt with which he regards the superstitions of the Middle Ages.

The education of the future will be a simple system of training and exercising all of the senses, teaching him *how* to think, and making his mind ready on the instant.

Charity is a noble trait of humanity. But to-day it has degenerated through improvement. It has, in many phases, become a weakness, rather than a strength. So elaborately is it organized that it has become a machine of society, rather than the virtue of an individual. There is danger that the individual may feel he has little to do personally for poor, weak, suffering, sinning humanity. He has only to send in his "contribution." He presses the button of the charity machine and it does the rest. This work is done for him by "societies," and there is in the over-elaboration of these "charity syndicates" a danger that direct individual charity may be weakened.

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Years ago it was possible to hold a newspaper in one hand and read it. In its smaller size it could be edited more closely, the news could be more condensed. Latterly it has become a victim to "improvement." Like mammoth pumpkins, they have run to size, and one often puts aside a great forty-page paper with the hopeless feeling of finding nothing in it. Many of them have become journalistic dime museums, where the abnormalities of life and living are crowded together in a way that disgraces civilization. They have a most vicious tendency, as the unthinking reader accepts the perverted, one-sided view of the world as a genuine picture of a faithful present-day life.

This same danger of over-expansion lies in the church-life of to-day. In many of them the sacred edifice itself has become but a nucleus of clubs, reading-rooms, sewing circles, societies, etc.—a social focus instead of a home of divine inspiration. The sweet, calm, restful side of the spiritual strength of the church is often in danger of being eclipsed by the tributary, secular phases. Each of these off-shoots may have its own distinct sphere of good, each may be a power working in the right direction, yet they constitute a danger when they threaten to obscure the simple, sweet message of divine love that the church typifies.

In no single phase is the modern degeneration through improvement more vitally shown than in the food of man. In no decade in the world's history were there so many different kinds of food, or so many ways of preparing them, as at the present time. Yet in no age has indigestion been so universal a complaint, in no age has man shown such utter disregard for the real value of food, in none has he departed so radically from the basic simplicity in eating necessary for health.

Man sifts the outer crust from the wheat, that which contains nitrates and phosphates, and gives them to his cattle, while he saves for his children the fine flour, which contains little but heating carbonates. Cheese, the concentrated nutriment of milk, is seldom seen on our tables, while butter, a mere incident to stoutness, which has not a particle of food for brain or muscle, is ever present.

The athlete who trains his muscles must guard against the over-development that makes them useless. The generous man must beware of the snare of prodigality. The man who is proud of his own opinions must see that he does not strengthen his self-reliance to the point of its becoming stubbornness.

The hardest lesson in the world for the individual to learn and to realize is that of simplicity and temperateness in all things, to preserve the proper balance and proportion, and to avoid carrying even the best things in life too far. Every department of human endeavor has its danger line, where further improvement means degeneration.

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The Money That Americans Save

IF WE knew what every man, woman and child in Louisville, Kentucky, or in Newark, New Jersey, had been doing with their money for the past thirty years, we should have a valuable contribution to the knowledge concerning the habit of saving, for large bodies of people act like other groups, with the same training and occupations, with almost machine-like precision. This phenomenon is seen in our election returns; the voting in Vermont and Maine in September, as all politicians know, forecasts accurately the views which the nation will express in November.

Fortunately for our purpose, there exists as large a body of people as live in either of these two cities of whom it is possible to learn their financial habits. Through the statistics of the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society, the record of 170,865 persons is kept so completely that it is possible to learn whether they are growing more saving than they were thirty years ago.

In 1870, the average depositor in this fund had $212 to his credit; in 1890, he had $241, and, phenomenal as it may seem, he added three dollars to this average during 1893 and 1894. In the past three years he has increased his balance thirteen dollars more, making the amount $257, and reaching the enormous total of $44,000,000. Nor is this all the improvement; not only is his balance increasing every year, but his habit of saving is proving contagious, for in 1870 the depositors formed only four per cent. of the city's population, and only seven per cent. in 1880, but in 1897 the proportion of depositors increased to fifteen per cent., or nearly four times the ratio of thirty years ago.

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This advance in the total amount of savings has been made despite the fact that the average deposit during the year has been steadily decreasing in size. The depositor put in the saving fund an average deposit at a time of $63 in 1870 and of only $44 in 1897. He is making less, but is saving more.

On the other hand, the depositor of to-day is drawing out less from the bank than in any period for thirty years. In 1870 he drew out $148 at a time; now he is drawing out only $79, or scarcely fifty per cent. In short, despite the fall in prices of labor and material which we have seen in the past ten years, the wage-earner who is a depositor is increasing in numbers rapidly, while he is depositing more money and drawing less out than at any time within three decades.

These figures demonstrate the fact that capital and labor are indissolubly bound together; this $44,000,000, owned by working men and women, is invested in properties which constitute the purest sort of capital. A strike on a distant railroad, an unfavorable decision of the Supreme Court, a crippling law from some ill-advised Legislature, a disturbing tariff, an upset circulation affect at once 170,000 workmen in Philadelphia who are interested in capital, not in the capacity of laborers—which is a vital bond—but as investors who want some return from their investments. In mortgages on railroads alone the company has over $19,000,000 invested, amounting to nearly fifty per cent. of the entire savings.

These statements are encouraging to the lover of thrift who believes that self-respect, personal advancement and the encouragement of good morals follow in the train of the saving habit; for, after all, it becomes a habit which, when acquired, is very easy to maintain. A nation that is thrifty is healthy; it avoids as far as possible all entanglements between capital and labor; it seeks instinctively good government; it is sunny tempered, and it is patriotic.

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Vitalizing Cuba With American Ideas

IN A MEXICAN newspaper of some prominence there is an editorial article which raises an interesting question. It expresses doubt as to whether an influx of Americans and of American ideas will add to the happiness of the Cubans and Porto Ricans.

The writer expresses a fear that people who are quite content with their own ways will not be benefited, as far as happiness goes, by the proximity of people who are never very content with anything. "We hardly think," he says, "that any restless person from Anglo-Saxondom will be able to increase the sum total of Spanish-American contentment." It is useless to suggest to him, he adds, that we restless Americans will carry with us such conveniences as telegraphs, rapid transit and daily mails, for he will not admit that these can take the place in life of a contented disposition.

The question is new in its application, rather than in itself. Applied to our colonial possessions, it passes from a theoretical inquiry to a practical query inviting immediate response, and so gains a new dignity. Americans and American ideas will now flow into Cuba and Porto Rico, and we may well ask what emotions they will bring.

Happiness is certainly not the end of existence; but, in this late war for humanity, we have taken care to lay stress on that particular gift as one of the chiefest of those that our influence would bring to these Spain-ridden people. We have not seriously doubted it ourselves, the world has accepted our pretensions, and the islanders have hailed us with enthusiasm as conquerors bearing the great gifts of peace and happiness.

Are we wrong? Is this Southern writer, who, with all friendliness for us, knows like a brother the character of the peoples we are helping, right? He may admit that American interference will bring to the islands a prosperity and peace they had not known before; but he insists that happiness is to be sought within men, not in the things external.

"I, myself," sings the old Persian bard, "am Heaven and hell." Happiness is within men, and all the gifts of the gods must fail to bring it, if it be not in the heart. And yet, who of us would let pass unchallenged the claim that progress, civilization, knowledge, high ideals and firm ambition may not produce a higher happiness than that which is known to ignorance, sloth and lassitude?

There is a happiness in struggle, and a triumph in success, and a thrill in the consciousness of new hopes rising out of conquest which listlessness cannot realize. The discontent we seem to feel is itself, inwardly, a joy. There is a joy in the zest of the conflict which atones for much. Our faculty of enjoyment is made keener by struggle, life is fuller and richer as the outlook expands, and in the end we are, with all our restlessness, happier, surely, than those who never know the pain of wanting, as with us, to throw in high relief the joy of bravely winning.

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Do We Need a Westminster Abbey?

SOME well-meaning Americans have recently become quite exercised over the fact that America has no Valhalla, that we have no building set aside in which can be perpetuated the names and glory of our great men. England has her Westminster Abbey, France her Pantheon, and Germany her historic Valhalla, near Ratisbon; but America—what?

In this one particular, at any rate, the American people have moved cautiously and slowly. In no one building have we gathered memorials of our great men; no single hall has been chosen as the burial place of our nation's beloved and honored citizens. But ask the young American, ask the schoolboy or the newsboy to tell what he knows of Washington, Hancock, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and the other great Americans. That boy can tell you more than any graven tablet, any flowery epitaph. The memorials of America's great men live in the hearts of the American people.

As present-day politics now is, a Valhalla is not needed. Imagine a hall dedicated to the nation's great dead in which the bust of Boss Tweed would stare across the tiled floor at an oil painting of Washington, with Jefferson's statue flanked on either side by the busts of a Quay and a Croker. The great heart of a grateful people is the most appropriate Valhalla.

America has, indeed, had a long and an honored list of great men, and none of them has been forgotten. The Library of Congress is gradually assuming the aspects of a hall of the nation's great, but should we set about building a Westminster it would only be a cause of wrangling among our statesmen or politicians as to whom we should honor. Fame is impartial; she sees to it that her sons are not forgotten, be their memories enshrined beneath Gothic arches, in classic crypts, or in the heart and history of a nation.

TOLD AFTER DINNER

Stories With a Humorous Turn

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THE VERDICT OF AN EXPERT

THE commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible, and remained as dirty as ever. A brilliant idea struck the Colonel.

"Why not march him up and down the whole line, and shame him into decency?"

It was done. The untidy warrior, who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself and march up and down the entire regiment, and the men were told to have a good look at him.

The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the Colonel, and said, in the hearing of the whole corps, with the utmost sang-froid:

"This is the dhirtiest rigiment I iver inspected in me loife, sorr!"

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TELESCOPING THREE MEALS IN ONE

AN OLD miser owning a farm found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and offered any man food for performing the labor. A half-starved man, hearing of the terms, readily accepted them.

Before going into the fields in the morning he invited his servant to breakfast; after finishing the morning meal, the old skinflint thought it would be a saving of time if they should place the dinner upon the table after the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon dispatched.

"Suppose now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper; it will save time and trouble, you know."

"Just as you like," said the eager eater, and at it they went.

"Now we will go to work," said the delighted employer.

"Thank you," said the laborer politely; "I never work after supper."

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HIS IDEA OF A SHORT NAP

SOME trifling little things illustrate certain Englishmen's knowledge of American geography very picturesquely. Lately, an Englishman who had taken the Pacific express at Philadelphia, called out on going to bed before the train started:

"Portah! Portah!"

The porter came. "What is it, sir?"

"Please wake me up when we get to San Francisco, you know," said the Englishman.

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GETTING DOWN TO THE FIRST CAUSE

THE professor of natural science, in one of our best-known colleges, was discussing in a recent lesson the process of fertilizing plants by means of insects carrying the pollen from one plant to another.

In order to amuse the class, he extended Darwin's ingenious illustration used in the Origin of Species, about the connection between cats and clover, and said that old maids were really the ultimate cause of it all. The attention of his hearers was strained to its utmost as he proceeded.

"The bumblebees carry the pollen," he declared; "the field mice destroy the nests of the bumblebees, therefore it is quite evident that the more field mice there are in any neighborhood, the fewer the bumblebees and the less pollen variation of plants. But cats devour field-mice, and old maids protect cats. Therefore, the more old maids, the more cats, the fewer field-mice, the more bumblebees."

"Hence," was the professor's triumphant conclusion, "old maids are the cause of variety in plants."

At this point a fashionable young freshman, with a single eyeglass and a general appearance indicating that he was got up regardless of expense, arose and asked:

"I sa-a-y, professah, what is the cause—ah—of old maids—don't you know?"

"Perhaps Miss Brown" (a quick-witted member of the class) "can tell you," suggested the professor.

"Dudes!" said Miss Brown sharply, and without a moment's hesitation.

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GETTING RID OF HIS KNOWLEDGE

ONE of those good-natured persons who are always bent on imparting information was humiliated not long since. A man, apparently a yokel, was seated on a fence, intently looking at the telegraph wires. A kindly gentleman passing said:

"Watching the wires, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Waiting to see a message go by, eh?"

The man smiled, and said, "Yes, sir."

The gentleman kindly told him that messages were invisible, and explained the work of the electric current to him at length. Concluding, he said: "Now you know something about it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you work at?"

"Me and my mate over yonder are old telegraph workers; we're just now putting up some new wire in these parts."

THE PASSING OF THE OLD NAVY

Old Salts & New Sailors

By

GEORGE GIBBS, with Drawings by the Author

CROSSING THE EQUATOR

SINCE ballad-mongering began, the sea and the men who go down to it in ships have been a fruitful theme; and the conventional song-singing, horn-piping tar of the chanteys is a creature of fancy, pure and simple.

Jack is as honest as any man. Aboard ship, he goes about his duties willingly, a creature of habit and environment, with a goodly respect for his "old man" and the articles of war. Ashore, he is an innocent—a brand for the burning, with a half-month's pay and a devouring thirst.

Sailor men all over the world are the same, and will be throughout all time, except in so far as their life is improved by new conditions. Though Jack aboard ship is the greatest grumbler in the world, ashore he loves all the world, and likes to be taken for the sailor of the songs. In a week he will spend the earnings of many months, and go back aboard ship, sadder perhaps, but never any wiser than he was before.

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He seldom makes resolutions, however, and so, when anchor takes ground again, his money leaves him with the same merry clink as before. Though a Bohemian and a nomad, he does not silently steal away like the Arab. His goings, like his comings, are accompanied with much carousing and song-singing, and the sweetheart he leaves gets to know that wiving is not for him. With anchor atrip and helm alee, Jack mourns not, no matter whither bound.

The improved conditions on the modern men-of-war have changed things for him somewhat, and, though still impregnated with old ideas, Jack is more temperate, more foresighted and more self-reliant than he once was. His lapses of discipline and his falls from grace are less frequent than of yore, for he has to keep an eye to windward if he expects to win any of the benefits that are generously held out to the hard-working, sober and deserving.

But the bitterness of the old days is barely disguised in the jollity of the chanteys. However we take it, the sea life is a hardship the like of which no land-lubber knows. Stories of the trials of the merchant service come to him now and then, and open his eyes to the real conditions of the service.

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Men are greater brutes at sea than ashore. The one-man power, absolute, supreme in the old days, when all license was free and monarchies trod heavily on weak necks, led men to deeds of violence and death, whenever violence and death seemed the easiest methods of enforcing discipline. Men were knocked down hatchways, struck with belaying pins, made to toe the seam on small provocation, or on no provocation at all. The old-fashioned sea yarns of Captain Marryat ring true, as far as they go, but they do not go far enough.

In England, the great frigates were generally both under-manned and badly victualed, and the cruises were long and sickening. The practice of medicine had not reached the dignity of the precise science it is to-day, and the surgeon's appliances were rude and roughly manipulated. Anæsthetics were unknown, and after the battles, the slaughter in which was sometimes terrific, many a poor chap was sent to his last account by unwise amputation or bad treatment after the operation.

The water frequently became putrid, and this, with the lack of fresh vegetables and the over use of pork, brought on the disease called scurvy, which oftentimes wiped out entire crews in its deadly ravages. Every year thousands of men were carried off by it. A far greater number died from the effects of scurvy than from the enemy's fire. Lieutenant Kelly says that, during the Seven Years' War, but 1512 seamen and marines were killed, but 133,000 died of disease or were reported missing. Not until the beginning of this century was this dreadful evil ameliorated.

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The evils of impressment and the work of the crimp and his gang—so infamous in England—had no great vogue here, for the reason that, during our wars of 1776 and 1812, the good seamen—coasters and fishermen, who had suffered most from the Lion—were only too anxious to find a berth on an American man-of-war, where they could do yeoman's service against their cruel oppressor.

"Keel-hauling" and the "cat" were relics of the barbarism of the old English navy. Keel-hauling was an extreme punishment, for the unfortunate rarely, if ever, survived the ordeal. In brief, it consisted in sending the poor sailor man on a voyage of discovery along the keel of the vessel. Trussed like a fowl, he was lowered over the bows of the ship and hauled along underneath her until he made his appearance at the stern, half or wholly drowned, and terribly cut all over the body by the sea-growth on the ship's bottom. He bled in every part from the cuts of the barnacles, but "this was considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as the loss of blood restored the patient, if he were not quite drowned, and the consequence was that one out of three, it is said, have been known to recover from their enforced submarine excursion."

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Think of it. Recovery was not anticipated, but, if the victim got well, the officer in command made no objection! Beside the brutality of these old English Navy bullies, a barbarous Hottentot chief would be an angel of mercy.

Flogging and the use of the cat were abolished in the American Navy in 1805. This law meant the use of the cat-o'-nine tails as a regular punishment, but did not prohibit blows to enforce immediate obedience. Before that time it was a common practice for the punishment of minor offenses as well as the more serious ones.

Flogging, in the old days, was an affair of much ceremony on board men-of-war. The entire ship's company was piped on deck for the punishment, and the culprit, stripped to the waist, was brought to the mast. The boatswain's mate, cat in hand, stood by the side of a suspended grating in the gangway, and the Captain, officer of the deck and the surgeon took their posts opposite him. The offense and the sentence were then read, and the stripes were administered on the bare back of the offender, a petty officer standing by to count the blows of the lash, while the doctor, with his hand on the victim's pulse, was ready to give the danger signal when absolutely necessary.

The men bore it in different ways. The old hands gritted their teeth philosophically, but the younger men frequently shrieked in their agony as the pitiless lash wound itself around the tender flesh, raising, at first, livid red welts, and afterward lacerating the flesh and tearing the back into bloody seams.

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The effect upon the lookers-on was varied. The younger officers, newly come from well-ordered English homes, frequently fainted at the sight. But the horror of the spectacle soon died away, and, before many weeks had passed, with hardened looks, they stood on the quarter-deck and watched the performance amusedly. Soon the spectacle got to be a part of their life, and the jokes were many and the laughter loud at the victim's expense. The greater the suffering, the more pleasurable the excitement.

Many yarns are spun of Jack's tricks to avoid the lash, or to reduce to a minimum the pain of the blows. Sometimes the men had their flogging served to them regularly, but in small doses. To these the punishment lost its rigor. For the boatswain's mate not infrequently disguised the force of his blows, which came lightly enough, though the victim bawled vigorously to keep up the deception, and in the "three and four dozen" cases he sometimes tempered his blows to the physical condition of the sufferers, who otherwise would have swooned with the pain.

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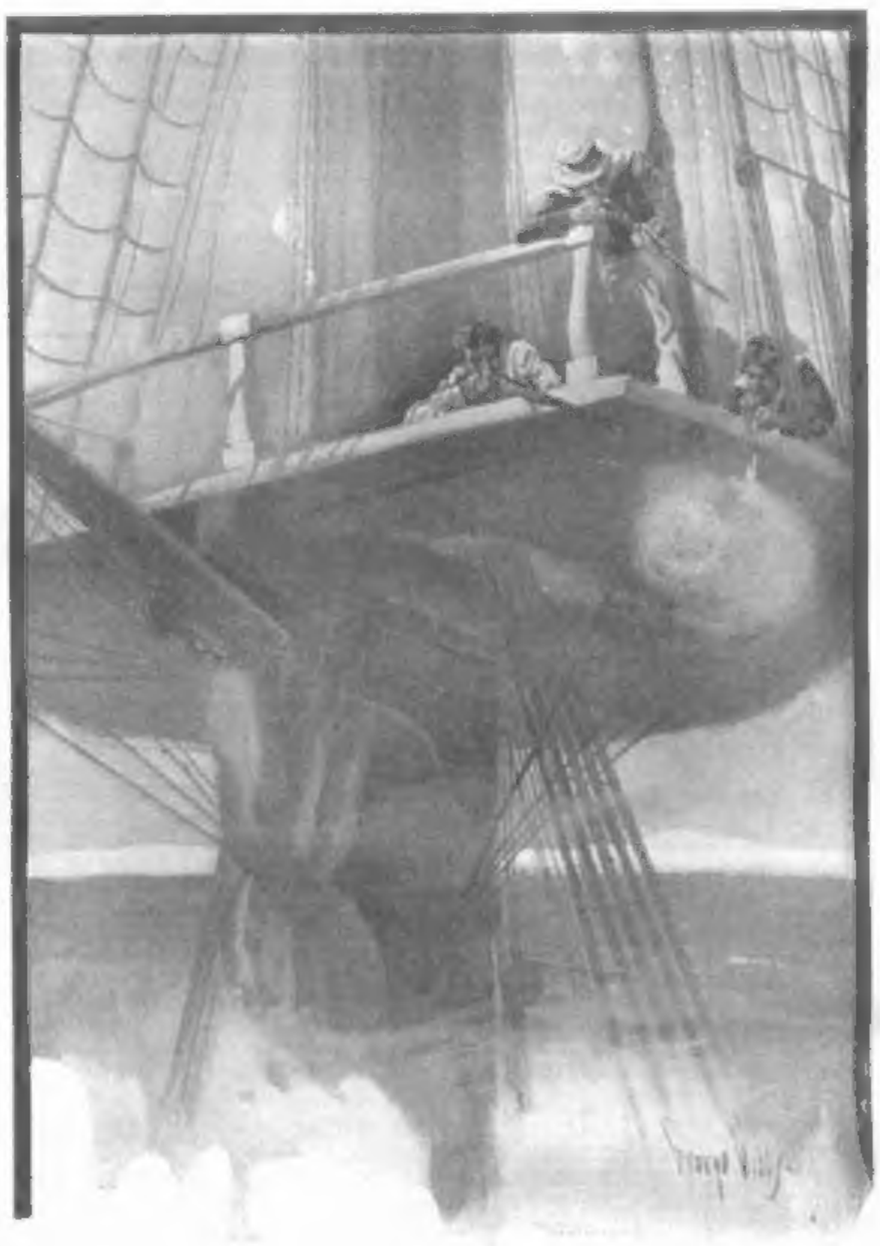
One Jacky, who thought himself wiser than his fellows, in order to escape his next dozen, had a picture of a crucifix tattooed over the whole surface of his back, and under it a legend which intimated that blows upon the image would be a sacrilege. When next he was brought to the mast he showed it to the boatswain and his Captain. The Captain, a crusty barnacle of the old harsh school, smiled grimly.

"Don't desecrate the picture, bos'n," he said; "we will respect this man's religious scruples. You may put on his shirt," he said, chuckling to himself, "but remove his trousers, bos'n, and give him a dozen extra. And lay them on religiously, bos'n."

All this was in the older days, and it was never so bad in the American as in the English navy. The middle period of the



MARINES AS SHARPSHOOTERS IN 1813

THE SMOKING HOUR

American navy, from before the Civil War to the age of iron and steel cruisers, presents an entirely different aspect in some ways.

Illegal punishments were still inflicted, for there were always then, as now, a certain percentage of ruffians forward who were amenable to no discipline and could be managed only by meeting them with their own weapons. The "spread eagle" and the ride on the "gray mare" were still resorted to to compel obedience.

They "spread-eagled" a man by tricing him up inside the rigging, taut lines holding his arms and legs outstretched to the farthest shrouds, a bight of rope passed around his body preventing too great a strain. He was gagged, and so he could not answer back.

The "gray mare" on which the obstreperous were forced to gallop, was the spanker boom—the long yard that extends far over the water at the ship's stern. By casting loose the sheets, the boom rolled briskly from side to side, and the lonely horseman was forced, in this perilous position, to hold himself by digging his nails into the soft wood, or swinging to any of the gear that flew into his reach. At best it was not a safe saddle, and a rough sea made it worse than a bucking broncho.

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Paul Jones had a neat way of disciplining his midshipmen aloft. He would go to the rail himself, and, casting loose the halyards, let the yard go down with a run, to the young gentleman's great discomfiture.

But the life of the old salt was not all bitterness. It was not all shore leave, but there was skittles now and then for the deserving and good-conduct-men. Jack's pleasures were simple, as they are to-day. There was never a crew that didn't have its merry chanter and its flute, fiddle or guitar, or the twice-told tale of the ship's Methusalem to entertain the dog-watches of the evening or the smoking hour, and make a break in the dreary monotony of routine.

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On public holidays, when everything was snug at sea or in port, a glorious skylark was the order of the afternoon. At the call of the bos'n's mate, "All hands frolic," rigorous discipline was suspended, and the men turned to with a will to make the day one to be talked about. Masthead races, potato and sack races, climbing the greased pole, and rough horse play and man-handling filled the afternoon until hammocks were piped down and the watch was set. Purses from the wardroom and prizes of rum and tobacco—luxuries dear to Jack's heart—were the incentives to vigorous athletics and rough buffoonery. The rigging was filled, from netting to top, with the rough, jesting figures, and cheer upon cheer and laugh upon laugh greeted a successful bout or fortunate sally.

Jack is a child at the best of times and at the worst, and he takes his pleasures with

the zest of a boy of seven, laughing and making merry until he falls to the deck from very weariness. And woe be, at these merry times, to the shipmate who has no sense of humor. His day is a hideous one, for he is hazed and bullied until he is forced in self-defense to seek the seclusion granted by the nethermost part of the hold. A practical joker always, when discipline is lax, Jack's boisterous humor knows no restraint.

The ceremony of "crossing the line," the boarding of the ship by Neptune and his Court, seems almost as old as ships, and is honored, even to-day, when much of the romantic seems to have passed out of sea life. It is the time when the deep-sea sailor has the better of his cousin of the coasts. Every man who crossed the equator for the first time had to pay due honor to the god of the seas. They exacted it, too, among the whalers when they crossed the Arctic Circle.

The wardroom usually bought off in rum, money or tobacco, but forward it was the roughest kind of rough man-handling, and the victims were happy indeed when they got their deep-water credentials. The details of procedure in this remarkable rite differed somewhat on different ships, but the essential elements of play and torture were the same in all cases.

The day before the line was to be reached, both wardroom and forecastle would receive a manifesto, setting forth the intention of the god of the seas to honor their poor craft, and ordering all those who had not paid tribute to him to gather forward to greet him as he came over the side. At the hour appointed, there was a commotion forward, and a figure wearing a pasteboard crown that surmounted a genial red face adorned with oakum whiskers, made its appearance over the windward nettings and proclaimed its identity as Neptune. Behind him was a motley crew in costumes of any kind and all kinds—or no kind—who had girded itself for this ungentle art of bull-baiting. The deep-water men intended to have an ample return for what they themselves had suffered, not many years back, when they had rounded the Horn, or Cape of Good Hope.

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The unfortunates, stripped to the waist, were brought forward, one by one, to be put through their paces. After a mock trial by the jury of buffoons, the King ordered their punishment meted out in doses proportioned directly to the popularity of the victims as shipmates. The old long boat, with thwarts removed and a canvas lining, served as a ducking pond. After vigorous applications of "slush"—which is another name for ship's grease—or perhaps a toss in a hammock or a blanket, they were pitched backward into the pool and given a thorough sousing, emerging somewhat the worse for wear, but happy that the business was finally done for good and all.

To-day the roughest sort of bullying no longer takes place, and much of the romance seems to have passed out of the custom.

The punishments, too, have lost their severity. The "gray mare" swings to an empty saddle, the "spread eagle" is a thing of the past, and the "cat" is looked upon as a relic of barbarism. Things are not yet Pinafore-like, but the cursing and man-handling are not what they used to be. There are a few of the old-timers who still believe the "cat" a necessary evil, and would like to see an occasional "spread eagle," but the more moderate punishments of to-day have proved, save in a few hardened cases, that much may be done if the morale of the service is high.

The fact of the matter is, that the standard of the man behind the gun has kept up with the marvelous advance of the ships and the ordnance. To-day, the naval service of the United States is worthy of any seaman's metal. As a mode of living, seafaring on American men-of-war attracts as many good men as any other trade. Machinists, electricians, carpenters, gunners and sail-makers, all have the chance of a good living, with prizes for the honest and industrious.

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The seaman himself, in times of peace, may rise by faithful service to a competency and a retiring pension more generous than that of any other nation in the world. The discipline is the discipline of right relations between superior and inferior men of sense, and the articles of war govern as rigorously the cabin as the forecastle. Republican principles are carried out, as far as they are compatible with perfect subordination, and there exists no feeling between the parts of the ship, except in extraordinary instances, but wholesome respect and convention. There is little tyranny on the one side, or insubordination on the other.

The training of the young officer of the old Navy was the training of the larger school of the world. "Least squares" and "ballistics" were not for him. He could muster a watch, bend and set a stun'sail, work out a traverse, and he could pass a weather-earring, but he toyed not with the higher mathematics, like the machine-made "young gentleman" of to-day. What he knew of navigation he had picked up haphazard, as best he might.

At the age of twelve, his career usually opened briskly in the thunder of a hurricane, or the slaughter of a battle, under conditions trying to the souls of bronzed, bearded men. Physical and even mental training of a certain kind he had, but the intellectual development of modern days was missing. The American officer of the days before the Naval Academy was founded was the result of rough conditions that Nature shaped to her own ends with the only tools she had. Though these "boys" had not the beautiful theory of the thing, they had its practice, and no better seamen ever lived.

At the beginning of the century, the crusty Preble, Commodore of the blockading fleet before Tripoli, was sent a consignment of these "boys" to aid him in his work. The names of the "boys" were Decatur, Stewart, Macdonaugh, Lawrence and Perry. None of them save Decatur, who was twenty-six, was over twenty-four, and two or three of them were under twenty. The Commodore grew red in the face, and swore mighty oaths when he thought of the things he had to accomplish with the youngsters under his command. But he found before long that, though youth might be inconvenient, it could not be considered as a reproach in their case.

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Decatur, with a volunteer crew, went under the guns at Tripoli, captured and blew up the Philadelphia in a way that paled all deeds of gallantry done before or since. The dreamy Somers went in with a fire ship and destroyed both the shipping and himself. In the hand-to-hand fights on the gunboats, Lawrence, young Bainbridge, Stewart and the others fought and defeated the best hand-to-hand fighters of the Mediterranean. The Dey of Algiers, when Decatur came before him to make terms of peace, stroked his black beard and looked at the young hero curiously. "Why," he said, "do they send over these young boys to treat with the older Powers?"

When the war was over, Preble no longer grew red in the face nor swore. He loved his school-boys, and walked his quarter-deck with them, arm in arm. And they loved him for his very crustiness, for they knew that back of it all was a man.

These youthful heroes were not the only ones. Young Farragut, an infant of twelve years, with an old "Shoot-if-you're-lucky," quelled a promising mutiny. At eighteen, Bainbridge did the same. Farragut, at thirteen, was recommended for promotion to a Lieutenancy he was too young to take. Perry was about thirty when he won the victory of Erie.

A youngster's character bears a certain definite relation to the times he lives in. Skies blue and breezes light, he shapes his life's course with no cares but the betterment of his mental condition. Baffling winds create the sailor, and storm and stress bring out his greater capabilities. The Spanish war has proved that heroes only slumber, and that the young gentleman with the finely tempered mind of an Annapolis training is capable of the great things his fathers did.

The blue-jacket of to-day has plenty of hard work to do, but he is as comfortable as good food and sleeping accommodations, regular habits and good government can make him. As a class, the United States Jacky is more contented, perhaps, than any other man of similar condition. Unlike the soldier, he does not even have to rough it very much, for wherever he goes he takes his house with him.

Jacky sleeps in a hammock strung upon hooks to the beams of the deck above him. When he turns out, he lashes his hammock with his hammock lashing and stores it in the nettings—the troughs for the purpose at the sides of the ship—where it must stay until night. If Jack wants to sleep in the meanwhile, he chooses the softest spot he can find on a steel clad deck, and he can sleep there, too, in the broad glare of daylight, a hundred feet passing him and the usual run of ship's calls and noises droning in his ears.

Jacky's food is provided by the Government—while his superior of the ward-room has to pay his own mess bill. He is allowed, in addition to his pay, the sum of nine dollars per month, and this must purchase everything, except such luxuries as he may choose to buy from his pay. The ship's paymaster is allowed a certain amount of money to furnish the supplies, and, between him and the ship's cook, the problem is settled. At the end of the month, if the amount served out is in excess of the computation for rations, the brunt falls upon the "Jack-of-the-Dust"—the assistant to the paymaster's yeoman—who has the work of accurately measuring the rations which are given to the cook of the ship.

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The ship's cook receives from the Government from $25 to $35 a month, according to the size of the ship, and, in addition, certain money perquisites from the different messes, which gives him a fair average. He has complete charge of the ship's galley and the cooks of the messes, and must be able to concoct a dainty French dish for the wardroom, as well as the usual "salt horse" or "dog" for the Jacky.

"Salt horse" is the sea name for pork. "Dog" is soaked hardtack, mixed with molasses and fried, and, though it isn't pleasant twenty-nine days out of the month, it is healthful, and tastes good to a hard-working sailor, with the salt of the sea producing a splendid appetite.

The mess tables hang by iron supports to the beams of the deck above, and, when the mess has been served and eaten—as only Jack knows how to eat—they are triced up into their places and all is cleaned and made ship-shape in the twinkling of an eye. A half-hour is allowed for dinner, and this time is kept sacred for Jack's use. A red pennant flies from the yard-arm, that all may know that the sailor man is eating and may not be disturbed by any importunate or curious callers.

In the dog watches of the evening, after supper, from six to eight P. M., the blue-jacket is given his leisure. It is then that pipes are smoked, vigilance relaxed; boxing and wrestling bouts are in order, and Jacky settles down for his rest after the day of labor. From somewhere down on the gun deck comes the tinkle of a guitar or banjo, and a tuneful, manly voice sings all the songs of France or Spain, but, better still, of beloved America, for the shipmates.

The sailor of to-day is also a soldier. Back in the days of Henry the Eighth, when England first had a Navy, the sailors only worked the ships. The fighting was done by the soldiers. Later, when the ships were armed with many guns and carried a greater spread of canvas, there was no space for great companies of soldiers, and the sailors became gunners as well. A few soldiers there were, but these did only sentry duty and performed the duties of the ship's police. As such they were cordially hated by the Jackies.

This antipathy has come down through the ages to the present day, and marines are still looked on by the sailor men as land-lubbers and jollies, sea people who have no mission upon the earth—save to do all the eating and very little of the rough work.

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The new Navy has done much to change this feeling. The mission of the marine is now a definite one. Always used as a sharp-shooter, he now mans the rapid-fire batteries and even guns of larger calibre. He has done his work well, and the affair at Guantanamo has caused the sneer to fade from the lip of the American sailor man. Two of the ablest Captains of our Navy, always the deadliest opponents of the Marine Corps, upon assuming their latest commands, applied immediately for the largest complement of marines that they could get.

Any ship, old or new, is as frail as the crew that man it. The strength of any vessel varies directly with its discipline and personnel. Hull, Jones, Decatur, Bainbridge and Stewart, in the old days, knew with some accuracy the forces they had to reckon with. Their guns were of simple contrivance, and their men knew them as well as they knew how to reef a topsail or smartly pass a weather earring. They feared nothing so long as they were confident of their Captain. New and mysterious contrivances for death-dealing were unknown to them, and hence the morale of the old sea battles was the morale only of strength and discipline. There were no uncertain factors to reckon with, save the weight of metal and the comparative training of gun crews.

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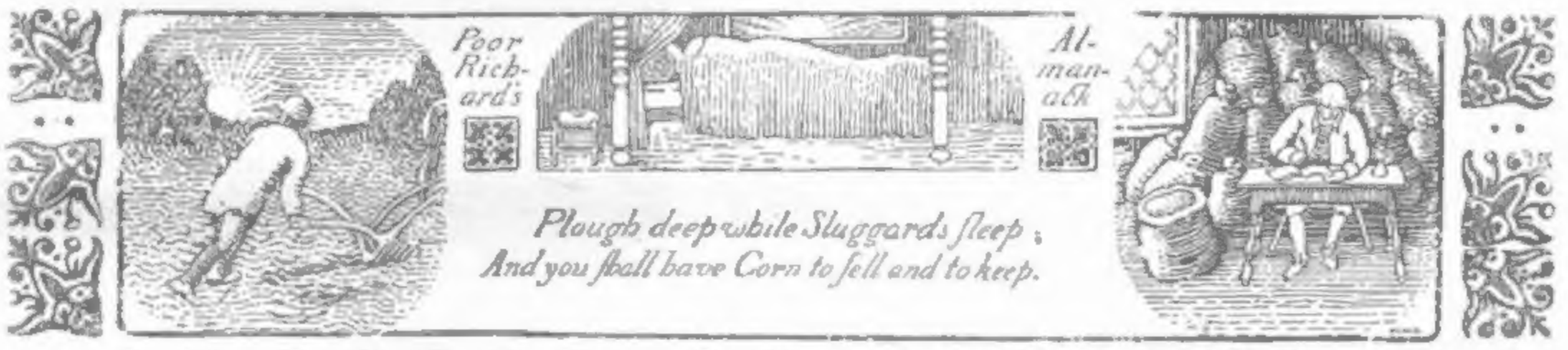
To-day the unknown plays a large part in warfare. Intricate appliances, mysterious inventions, new types of torpedo boats, and submarine vessels form a new element to contend against, and have a personal moral influence upon the discipline of crews. To combat this new element of the unknown and uncertain has required sailors and men of a different stripe from the old. Where, in the old days, ignorance and all its accompanying evils held sway over the mind of poor Jack and made him a prey to superstition and imagination, to-day, by dint of careful training of brain as well as body, he has become a thinking creature of power and force of mind. He knows, in a general way, the working of the great mechanical contrivances, and in the fights that are to come, as well as those that have been, he will show that the metal the American Jacky is made of rings true and stands well the trial by fire.



SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

Stimulating Horace Greeley's Imagination

GREAT men who have written books in prison know the value of concentrated observation. The slightest circumstance would be seized and utilized as though it were the last thing to be seen for a year, says Rushing to the Front.

Offended by a pungent article, a gentleman called at the Tribune office and inquired for the editor. He was shown into a little seven-by-nine sanctum, where Greeley sat, with his head close down to his paper, scribbling away at a two-forty rate.

The angry man began by asking if this were Mr. Greeley.

"Yes, sir; what do you want?" said the editor quickly, without once looking up.

The irate visitor then began using his tongue, without reference to the rules of propriety, good breeding or reason. Meantime Mr. Greeley continued to write. He dashed off page after page in his most impetuous style, without once looking up, and without paying the slightest attention to the angry visitor.

Finally, after about twenty minutes of the most passioned scolding ever poured out in an editor's office, the angry man became disgusted and abruptly turned to walk out of the room. Then, for the first time, Mr. Greeley quickly looked up, rose from his chair, and slapping the gentleman familiarly on his shoulder said to him pleasantly:

"Don't go, friend; sit down, sit down, and free your mind; it will do you good—you will feel better for it. Besides, it helps me to think what I am to write about. Don't go." One unwavering aim has ever characterized the most successful men.

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Worry Kills More Men Than War

IF EVERY business man could keep free from worry there would be fewer early retirements from business, either by death or as a result of broken health, than there are to-day, says an exchange.

Worry is the great enemy of mankind, and experience shows that, in a large majority of cases, it is unnecessary. There is, for instance, the merchant who worries about a note that is to fall due in four months. Although the money with which to meet it is not in hand, the payment is still a reasonable distance away; but likely as not he spends the intervening time worrying lest he shall fail to secure it, only to find that, at the proper time, the money is on hand.

There is another who begins to worry at the beginning of the year over the profits of the business, and keeps it up until he can get another hold on this kind of worrying at the beginning of the following year.

Then there is the one who worries for weeks over a debt that he has allowed to be made, possibly with a perfectly responsible customer. He begins to think that the buyer can not or will not pay him, but he does, and so the worry was only wear and tear, pure and simple.

And then there is the borrower of trouble, who worries lest this or that thing may happen. Many a man, too, worries over the mistakes of the past, though he might just as well worry over the fact that he cannot read Greek. Brooding over trials, difficulties and disappointments is one of the most prominent and sure characteristics of fretfulness, and an equally sure forerunner of business reverses. In many cases, the mind seems to fasten itself upon the omnipresent troubles of the business. It thinks of little else from morning until night, and then, in the night time, sleep often will not come.

In many cases this state of things continues until its victim is obliged to forsake his business. "It is not work that kills, but worry," runs the old proverb, and the best thing a business man given to worry can do is to turn over a new leaf and cultivate a cheerful disposition, remembering Mark Tapley's assertion that there is no credit in being cheerful except under trying circumstances.

Mark Tapley was a sage whose example is worth following. It is possible, with a little self-discipline, to cultivate this cheerful disposition, and there is nothing like it to help one over the rough spots of business life.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Whitelaw Reid, Diplomat and Journalist

With all the honors that have come to him in recent years the well known editor in chief of the New York Tribune takes the keenest interest in his work in journalism. Since the birth of the Republican party he has been so placed as to command a large circle

Born near Xenia, Ohio, in 18[illegible] been a city superintendent of public schools, city editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, aide of the staffs of Generals Mortimer and Rosecrans in the Civil War, a war correspondent widely known as "Agate," a secret commissioner of the Government to the southern States, and the successor of Horace Greeley.

Shortly after becoming chief proprietor and editor of the Tribune, President Garfield tendered him the appointment of United States Minister to Germany, which he declined, and later President Harrison pressed on him the mission to France. His administration in Paris was marked by a high social brilliancy, and by the negotiation of extradition and reciprocity treaties.

In 1892 he was the Republican candidate for the Vice Presidency, on the ticket with ex-President Harrison, but failed of election. Last year President McKinley appointed him the Special Ambassador of the Government of the United States to the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and now he is serving American Peace Commissioner in Paris.

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A Closer View of Hall Caine

Hall Caine, the author, who is now visiting this country to deliver a series of lectures and to superintend the production of his dramatization of The Christian, has had a remarkably successful literary career. He was the son of a blacksmith. From a cotter's cottage on the Isle of Man he has risen to be the owner of a great castle on the island. This castle, with its stone work and its towers, reminds one somewhat of Windsor, although of course it is not nearly so large or so [illegible]

Hall Caine's study is a large, square room with bookcases ranged on two sides. It has no desk, for the author of The Manxman never writes at a desk. He holds the paper on his lap and uses a fountain pen. The chair which he uses while writing was once the property of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet and painter. When at work on a novel he does his writing between five and eight in the morning, and spends the rest of the day in riding about the country or in taking long walks.

The Manx author has a host of friends in America, and his not infrequent visits to our shores are usually occasions for honoring him. Some of his more enthusiastic admirers claim to find in Hall Caine a striking likeness to Shakespeare. Perhaps this may be the case—in appearance.

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When Lord Elgin Rides Horseback

Lord Elgin, the retiring Viceroy of India, is a great walker, and, as a rather natural consequence, a remarkably poor horseman. They tell a good story of him in India. At Simla one day he was taking horseback exercise along the local Rotten Row. One of the pillars of Indian [illegible] wanted to discuss a matter of importance with him, and sent an aide de camp to ask him if he might join His Excellency in his ride. The aide de camp cantered [illegible] and said: "Your Excellency!" [illegible] was unheeded. A little nonplussed, the envoy tried again, with no better result. In desperation, he returned to the attack with "Your Excellency! Mr So and So requests ——" Lord Elgin turned upon him furiously with this laconic, but to his mind all sufficient, excuse for his preoccupation: "Gad! sir, can't you see that I'm riding?"

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When a Great General Was an Arabian Beggar

In 1885, when all was bustle and hurry in preparation of the troops to ascend the Nile, two scouts from the enemy's lines came across a ragged Arab sitting under a date tree. As they approached he at once started begging for "backsheesh, nin, backsheesh, nin" (alms, sir). Taking pity on him, they gave him a piastre, and resumed their walk, talking as they went on about affairs in the camp.

The next day the Arab beggar was pointed out to one of the [illegible] as a man who would be a great acquisition some day. He soon asked him to explain, and then gathered that the Arab to whom he had given a piastre was in reality an English spy. That spy is now Major-General Sir Herbert Kitchener, Commander in Chief of the Egyptian Army, who has defeated the Mahdi and destroyed their stronghold, Omdurman.

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Why Senator Vest Desired to Live

When he was escorted to his house after the [illegible] Senator Vest looked [illegible] ously upon his chances of recovery. The story is told that on the second day of his illness Colonel Edwards, one of the Senator's colleagues, called to see him.

As Edwards entered a motion to reconsider a resolution was before the consideration and Senator Caffery had the floor. The Louisiana statesman, in accordance with his custom, was prepared to deal at length with the question under debate. It may be remarked, by way of parenthesis, that there are but few fixed shreds of information outstanding after Caffery gets through with a speech. He leaves nothing to imagination or guesswork.

Senator Vest inquired of Edwards the news of the Senate and received it without comment. "You will be over in a day or two, Senator," said Edwards cheerfully, as he was taking his leave.

"No, Jim, I don't believe I shall," wearily replied Vest. "It's all up with me now. I am a dying man, Jim, and I doubt if I'll ever be back in the Senate again."

"Yes, you will, Senator. You're just a little down on your luck. You'll outlive it all," said Edwards. "Don't talk that way, you must not."

"Edwards," responded the Senator solemnly, "I am using my grip. I doubt if I am alive until Caffery finishes his speech."

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Dr. John Hall, the Eminent Divine

On the recent death of Dr. John Hall, New York lost one of her most famous clergymen. He was one of the Nestors of the Presbyterian Church, and his success in missionary work in the metropolis was [illegible]. Yet this same missionary zeal caused him considerable annoyance. His loyal support of the Jewish missionary, Wirszawiak, caused dissension in his own church and also a [illegible]. Of late Doctor Hall's health was seriously impaired.

Doctor Hall was called to the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church probable the richest in America, in 1867. He came to America in that year as one member of the Irish deputation to the Old School Presbyterian Assembly of the United States. While here he was invited to preach at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, a short time afterward he accepted a call from the same church, and returned to America to stay.

Doctor Hall was a man of imposing stature, a splendid speaker, with a way of driving a truth home and then clinching it. There was no escape from the powerful persuasiveness of his sermons, and they were particularly effective with men. He leaves a widow, who was formerly Mrs. Irwin, a wealthy Irish landowner. Of his four children, Robert Hall is a professor of chemistry in the New York University, Bolton Hall has been in charge of his father's business affairs for some time, and Thomas is a Presbyterian clergyman in Chicago. The daughter, Emily, is married, and lives in New York.

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"Gyp," the Writer, and Her Work

Very few people are aware, when reading the works of "Gyp," one of the most recent of which, Bijou, has just been translated into English, that the author is the great grandniece of Victor de Riquéti, Marquis de Mirabeau. It is a fact, however, that the Comtesse de Martel de Janville whose family name is Marie Antoinette de Mirabeau is descended in a direct line from the man who figured so prominently in the French Revolution.

"Gyp," too, is a revolutionary, and of so pronounced a type that it has been said that she detests everybody and everything; such the vigor with which she ridicules people in her novels—now so numerous that all count of them has been lost. Her work has [illegible] to be first rate. There [illegible] which "Gyp" has created, however, which is a stroke of genius, namely, the chief character of the novel, Petit Bob. Bob is the depraved child of rich and [illegible] parents, not the [illegible] scions of [illegible] but [illegible] sooner, surrounded [illegible] by [illegible] examples, who does his level best to shock everybody he meets.

The salon of the Comtesse de Martel de Janville is one much frequented by the fashionable people of Paris. Many literary men visit at her house. "Gyp" is [illegible] ted ladies who is an [illegible]. Another thing which [illegible] the great [illegible] orator lady of France is her dress. She is noted for wearing the most extraordinary dresses and bonnets to be found in the [illegible] of the gay capital of France.

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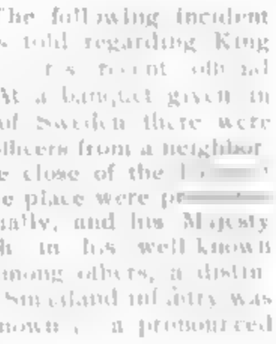
Don Lorenzo Perosi, the Italian Composer

The extraordinary success of Don Lorenzo Perosi, the Italian composer, with his oratorio music, has set all Venice talking. It is said that, with the exception of the first performance [illegible] at the Malibran Theatre, his [illegible] success in recent times in the annals of La Fenice, Venice's opera house, was that won by Perosi. The first edition of his first three oratorios is exhausted, and it is further that he received $1000 for the second oratorio he received $1600, the third will probably be given to Italian publishers who have offered $2000 for it.



Perosi, the great composer, is little more than twenty-five years old. He has already written numerous works for church service, but his oratorio work has surprised all the salons of music. He is a modest man, and the reception which Venice gave his work disconcerted him, and his face plainly showed confusion as he bowed his acknowledgments to the vast audience.

He is the son of a village organist who gave him his first insight into the vast realm of music. At an early age he showed talent, and when but eighteen was organist at Monte Cassino. A wealthy Milanese then sent Perosi to the Conservatory at Milan, and to Germany. Four years ago he replaced Tebaldini as Director of the Royal Chapel and School of Singing, as well as organist at San Marco, in Venice. When only twenty-three years old he was ordained as a priest.

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When King Oscar Was Refused a Toast

The following incident is told regarding King [illegible]'s recent official visit to Carlsberg. At a banquet given in honor of the King of Sweden there were present a number of officers from a neighboring garrison. At the close of the [illegible] festivities of the place were presented to King individually, and his Majesty conversed with each in his well known pleasant manner. Among others, a distinguished officer of the Swedish infantry was presented who was known as a pronounced fanatic and ascetic.

During the conversation King Oscar took up his glass in order to drink healths with the officer, "to ring their glasses together," as is the custom in Sweden and Germany.

To the King's great astonishment the Captain said that his religious convictions prevented him from responding to the King's toast.

The King then said: "If you will have no drinking then take an empty glass; even so I can ring glasses with you." The officer hesitated a while, and then replied: "No, your Majesty, my principles forbid me."

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The Unfortunate Victim of the American Reporter

Paderewski, the famous Polish pianist, has in some way brought down upon his bushy head the ill will of the newspapers in this country. They are constantly hatching china eggs in the shape of utterly false rumors.

They have had him lose his eyes, his fingers, or his reason; they have declared that he is about to marry again, and have [illegible]en deprived him of his glory, that famous wealth of hair. The latest false rumor is that Paderewski has become hopelessly paralyzed. The fact of the matter is, that this idol of the matinee girl was never in better health, and is at present interested in [illegible] Scotch cattle on his Polish estate.

He rises about [illegible] o'clock on days when [illegible] a concert is to occur. On days when he is to play in the evening he rises at one. By way of [illegible] meal he takes a cup of coffee or tea, nothing else, not even a [illegible] of bread.

He practices for five or six hours each day, and no [illegible] is allowed to [illegible] in the house while he [illegible]. When he is not at home, however, he does not practice at all; however, and if the concert is on evening one he devotes only two or three hours to exercising on the keyboard.

In order to strengthen his fingers he plays only five finger exercises. Like a prize fighter who is [illegible] training, this musical athlete devotes himself to a systematic course of gymnastics for strengthening all of the physical powers which are called into play by his performance at the piano.

These long, slender "piano" fingers [illegible] are [illegible] until they acquire strength, flexibility, agility and staying power. More than this, his arms have also to be strengthened. For this purpose he employs an apparatus which he designed and made himself. What this is he knows and nobody else.

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The Devoted Daughter of Jefferson Davis

The recent death of Miss Winnie Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis, marks one of the closing chapters of the romance of the Civil War. So attached was she to the memory of her father that she sought to lavish her womanly love on the altar of her paternal affections; she bestowed her [illegible] genius to a young man rather than to up the name of Davis.

She was widely known and much beloved in the South as the "Daughter of the Confederacy." She received this title while on a tour with her father through the Southern States. Jefferson Davis was at the time too ill [illegible] to the ovation tendered at every stopping point, and his daughter acknowledged the compliment by appearing on the platform of the car. At Atlanta, Georgia, Governor Gordon presented Miss Davis to the people as the "Daughter of the Confederacy."

Her full name was Varina Anne Davis. She gave evidence of marked literary genius. She was a skilled linguist, an accomplished musician, and a most attractive type of the loyal, proud and beautiful Southern women.

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Admiral Sampson as an Inventor

The following story is told of Admiral Sampson's inventive genius. It was in the early days of the new Navy when the incident occurred. The Admiral was at the time a Lieutenant and was in command of a small sailing vessel. For many years he had worked on a kind of anemometer or wind gauge. It was his hobby, and was dearer to him than [illegible] else in the world. Finally it was complete, and one day it stood on the roof of the cabin that protruded for some distance above the deck. The little boat was tacking [illegible] to and fro in a calm. Lieutenant Sampson was below enjoying a siesta. Suddenly a gust of wind rippled the water, the mainsail boom swung violently across the deck. "Smash!" and over into the fathomless deep went that precious [illegible].

"Orderly!" called the officer of the deck.

"Yes, sir," replied the [illegible] jacket, saluting.

"Inform the commander of the ship that his anemometer has gone overboard!"

"Yes, sir." The orderly made for the cabin companionway.

"And orderly."

"Yes, sir."

"Break it to him gently."

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The Mother of Queen Wilhelmina

In the midst of all the furore which has been raised over the new Queen of the Netherlands comparatively little has been heard of her mother. One of the most [illegible] and difficult of tasks is that of ruling a country as Regent, and the responsibilities are [illegible] that increased than otherwise when that temporary Sovereign happens to be a woman. It must be conceded that Emma, Queen of the Netherlands [illegible] ated the affairs of her country since the death of her husband, the King, on November 23, 1890, in a manner beyond all praise. She has only just completed her fortieth year.

It is hardly possible to give an idea of the wisdom with which this Queen has filled the place of her husband since 1890, and brought up her daughter, Wilhelmina, in the way she should go. There is one incident which is always highly characteristic of her methods. Royalty are notoriously bad payers, as a rule, but Queen Emma is apparently a striking exception. During a recent visit to England a special train was ordered from Victoria Station to Queensborough for the return journey to Holland, and all the charges in connection with same were defrayed at the time of ordering. But Queen Emma has never experienced financial embarrassments, and this plebeianlike conduct is excusable.

THE AMERICAN EMPRESS OF INDIA'S SOCIETY

THE CHICAGO GIRL WHO REPRESENTS QUEEN VICTORIA

By Clara Middleton

TO BE born to the purple in the marshes of a Western town, to have one's destiny disguised in obscurity, to carry in one's self the power to discover and enrich it—this is perhaps a happier fate than to be reared in a palace and yet feel one's self inadequate and impotent.

For Mary Leiter, circumstances did something, money gave her an opportunity, but without her own character and ability this would have counted for nothing. She has always dominated her environment; she has been not only equal to any situation but superior to it. To the traditional adaptability of the American girl she added the ability to force her own opportunities, to make the most of life, to see through the temporary importance of things to their essential value. She acquired one secret of success which few women ever possess—a sense of proportion. She knew what she wanted, and she was willing to sacrifice for it the momentary advantage.

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But the career of Mary Leiter is one that the historians will puzzle over more than the novelists, who like a complex character. It is made up of contrasts, yet from each part of it the girl learned something. Even her disadvantages became very probable to her—she could "make her stumbling blocks her stepping stones."

The marshy Western town which gave her birth in sixty years grew to be one of the greatest cities of the world. Some of its vigorous audacity, some of its courage and ambition, were implanted in this impressionable child. She grew up in the memory of the storm and stress of the period after the great fire; she felt the inspiration of the splendid courage of the men who raised a city from its ashes. Their spirit was in her blood. Her father, with the loyalty which saved Chicago, stood by the city in its poverty and misery.

Levi Z. Leiter, whose face and name suggest a strain of Jewish blood, left Leitersburg, Maryland, for the West in 1854, when he was barely twenty. He came of Calvinistic Dutch stock, and was too well educated to be called a self-made man, yet his career is entirely his own, and though the family was prosperous, the son began business in a country store and filled several humble positions in dry goods houses in Chicago while he was a young man.

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It was not until 1865 that he formed with Marshall Field the partnership which soon became famous, and bought an interest in the retail dry goods business built up by Potter Palmer. From the beginning the venture thrived, and though it faced terrible perils, like that of the great fire, it always subdued them. Gradually, however, Mr. Leiter became interested in real estate, and in 1881 he retired from the firm to give his time to travel and the management of his valuable property.

He did considerable for the commercial development of Chicago, but though he was the second President of the Art Institute, he has done little for its advance in beauty.

The huge building occupied by Siegel & Cooper which he erected, is merely an architectural box. The houses he built are conventional, the office buildings he owns are not objects of pilgrimage. In one part, however, he did think of something besides profit and loss, for his interest in the Chicago Historical Society has been of substantial benefit to that admirable institution.

He is a man of [illegible] and persistence, shrewd, hard-headed, a good fighter who likes to play for heavy stakes. He is a real enemy, moreover, and at the time of the founding of the Field Columbian Museum after the World's Fair he was not ashamed to lay bare his rancor against Marshall Field—the result of an old quarrel.

The museum was founded by Mr. Field with a gift of a million dollars. To this, when the papers were full of giving the place the name of its benefactor, Mr. Leiter added a gift of one hundred thousand, on the condition that the name should be the Columbian Museum. But this animosity defeated the desired ends, for it made the directors determine to honor the founder.

Mrs. Leiter is a character in quite a different way. She belongs to a good family; she is the wife of a multi-millionaire and the mother of the first lady of India, yet her reputation as a Mrs. Malaprop is as broad as the country. She has a good heart, and a head which insists upon putting the wrong word into the right place. She is the legitimate representative of the original Mrs. Malaprop, and the stories told of her would stock many plays like The Rivals.

So assured is her standing in this respect that any story of society in Chicago or Washington containing a slip of this kind in the use of words is at once attributed to Mrs. Leiter, a very ridiculous quality to belong to the mother-in-law of so correct and austere a person as Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon. Yet with this she has a warm and generous heart, and has by many considerate kindnesses endeared herself to those who are closer than the circle that laughs at her.

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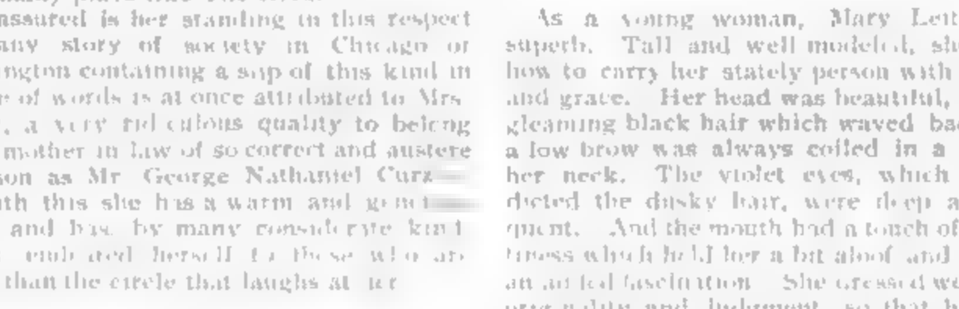
From such material came Mary Leiter—the beautiful, brilliant Mary Leiter! All the diplomacy which was left out of her mother's composition was given to her. The good fairies who presided at her cradle were generous. They gave her wealth and beauty, intellect and power, they granted all her unexpressed wishes, they arranged that every task she undertook should be accomplished, every ambition of hers fully satisfied.



THE VICEROY'S PALACE AT CALCUTTA, INDIA, WHERE LORD AND LADY CURZON WILL LIVE

As a child, the girl had [illegible] to study hard and persistently. Her education was, therefore, much more thorough than that generally given to girls in the '70s and '80s.

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She became especially proficient in the modern languages, a knowledge which has been of immeasurable importance in later career. It was because of her ambition rather than her mother's dim longing for social glory that the entire family removed, in 1880, to Washington.

In Chicago they lived a modest, quiet life in the big house on Calumet Avenue, near Twenty-first Street. They made no social plunges; their lights were always out by nine o'clock, and they were almost unknown to the gay world. But as the eldest daughter grew toward womanhood, Mrs. Leiter began to realize that something more was necessary in a social way.

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Like a skilful general marshaling his forces, she deliberately planned a campaign. Washington seemed to her the most vulnerable place of attack, and the one which would yield the largest returns in influential acquaintances. She leased the Blaine house, in Dupont Circle, and set out to conquer the capital. Even with her energy and determination it was not easy work. And though she had sent many shells screaming into the city, she was in sad need of reinforcements when her daughter made her début. Only then did the agitated and reluctant capital capitulate. It was much too masculine and gallant a garrison to refuse to throw down its arms to this charming beauty.

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As a young woman, Mary Leiter was superb. Tall and well modeled, she knew how to carry her stately person with dignity and grace. Her head was beautiful, and the gleaming black hair which waved back from a low brow was always coiled in a mass at her neck. The violet eyes, which contradicted the dusky hair, were deep and eloquent. And the mouth had a touch of haughtiness which held her a bit aloof and yet was an artful fascination. She dressed well with originality and judgment, so that her taste in this detail was equal to any situation.

Her clothes were never so conspicuous as to obscure herself. It was she who was dominant. It was her commanding presence that made her the centre of interest in a ballroom; it was the way she moved, the way her beautiful head was set upon her shoulders, her body's sinuous grace of line.

This it was in her that made the first appeal, but there was something more to sustain the attraction. Her talk was never commonplace; when she was interested and excited, when she came in contact with men who understood themselves and the world, she could be more brilliant than they.

If the man she talked with was worth it she knew how to stimulate him and draw him out. In spite of a certain coldness that hung about her, she had an intuitive sympathy with those who were clever enough to attract it. And this added magnetism to her beauty and brilliancy. For this she was a red-rose guest at dinners; for this she was the friend of politicians and diplomats much older than herself; for this she was fêted in Europe and America by the men who have done something—who have arrived.

A writer who is clever enough to be popular has made a story about her which gives a vivid picture of this phase of her career. It is based upon a dramatic incident in her life, colored somewhat to suit the purpose of the novelist. The Writing on the Wall describes a dinner given to Miss Page in Cairo by Immen Pasha.

The British Minister and other diplomats are present, and on Helen Page's left is seated a Russian Prince she once refused. Her indifference piques him into betraying an important secret to prove to her his value to the diplomatic world.

After the dinner a mind reader, who has been asked to entertain the guests, requests Miss Page to assist him in a difficult test of his skill, and hypnotizes her into consent. He is to make her write a sentence, which is in her mind, in a language she does not understand. Finding that she knows French, Italian, German, and Spanish, he declares that she shall write in Arabic. Mr. Davis' description of her at this point would serve admirably as a portrait of Mary Leiter:

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"The blackboard hung like a curtain," it begins, "at one end of the room. There was no light near it, and it formed a black background against which Helen Page's figure and head stood out distinctly. She was a very beautiful woman, with great masses of black hair, which she wore back from her forehead. Her face was lovely, rather than regular, and typically American in its frank confidence of her own innocence and of others toward her, and in its cleverness.

She wore a gown of black satin, covered with glittering spangles, that fitted her figure closely, leaving her arms and shoulders bare. It was a most unusual gown, and strongly suggestive of things theatrical, like a columbine in mourning or the wicked fairy who rises through a trap in the pantomime. On another woman it would have been bold, but on her it only made the face above it appear more lovely and innocent by contrast. It was as incongruous as a girl's face in a suit of armor.

"But the costume fitted the moment with peculiar appropriateness, and as the girl raised her bare arm to write she looked like a blind prophetess or a beautiful witch who might transform them all into four-footed animals."

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She submits to the spell of the mind reader, and, blind and unknowing, she writes in Arabic the fact that is uppermost in her mind—the weighty secret betrayed to her by the Russian Prince: "His Excellency, the British Minister, visits the opera to-morrow night at the risk of his life." The effect of this bomb upon the company follows in better English than some of that I have quoted, and what followed is told in Mr. Davis' cleverest and most dramatic manner.

THE LEITERS' HOME, LAKE GENEVA, ILLINOIS, WHERE LADY CURZON USED TO SPEND HER SUMMERS

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The story gives an idea of one side of Mary Leiter's life—the side, indeed, which has had a controlling influence. This was the life that appealed to her, and she was clever enough to know that it could not be secured through a husband who had nothing but money or a title.

She refused many offers more advantageous, from a worldly point of view, to accept, finally, that of a man of brains. For there is no question about Mr. Curzon's intellect, even if he is, as the Saturday Review says, "A pompous, fluent, superior gentleman of

the early Victorian style." The couplet written by one of his fellow-students at Oxford still clings to his skirts:

"There's George Nathaniel Curzon,
Who's a perfectly respectable perzon."

Nevertheless, in spite of this rather pompous respectability, all Washington said, at the time of the marriage, in April, 1895, that it was a love-match on both sides. The wedding was one of the most notable in the annals of the capital, for it was enriched by the presence of officers and diplomats, Senators and the highest dignitaries of State. Mrs. Cleveland was there, and it was she who was Mary Leiter's only intimate friend in Washington. From the crowd she held herself aloof. With unusual divination she gained what she wished socially without appearing to seek it.

She was the social friend of men rather than of women, though they tell some pretty stories of her kindness to unattractive girls. To counterbalance them there are snobbish stories, like the one in which the guests at one of the Leiter balls were said to have been separated into two classes and kept in different rooms all of the evening.

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But wherever they have been, the Leiters have generously furnished many topics for conversation. The son of the house, Joe, as he is familiarly called, took his turn last winter and spring. He managed pluckily a gigantic wheat corner, the largest that the Chicago Board of Trade has ever known. The papers were filled during the winter with accounts of his speculations, the farmers adored him, and the father came on repeatedly from Washington to back up his nervy son.

The Leiter sound financial standing and the Leiter millions were very useful to Joe at that time; but they were more useful when the crisis came in May and the profits which the young speculator had won in the winter were swept away. Then did Mr. L. Z. Leiter stand gallantly to his guns. He sold some of his property and he mortgaged more, and so enabled the son to meet his obligations honorably. Mrs. Leiter's signature was also ready when it was needed. The father issued from the transaction more creditably than the determined and daring but reckless and dissipated son.

From this excitement and anxiety Mrs. Curzon happily has been delivered. But her two sisters, Nannie and Daisy, are taking their share of it in the summer home on lovely Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. It is said, however, that Daisy will accompany her sister to India, and will ride an elephant which Mr. Curzon has promised her.

The Viceroy and his lady, and their two little daughters, will live in Calcutta in the winter and in Simla in the summer; and perhaps Mrs. Curzon will follow some day the example of two of her predecessors and publish her letters from India. She may prove herself equal to this task, also, and it would be odd if she could not write a more interesting book than the unimaginative diary which Lady Dufferin gave the world.

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The letters of the Hon. Emily Eden, the sister of Lord Auckland, who was Viceroy from 1835 to 1842, are much more lively. She describes with zest her first ride on an elephant, the languor produced by the climate, the "confederacy against allowing women to have any ideas," and the "pretty considerable figure" made by His Excellency as seen "through a long vista of embroidered punkahs, peacocks' feathers, silver sticks, spearmen, etc., and two interesting females caracoling on their elephants on each side of him." She comments gayly upon the numerous attendants allotted to each member of the family.

"George never stirs," she says, "without a tail of fifteen joints after him. William has reduced his to three, but leaves a large supply at home; and Fanny has at present three outriders, and expects more; but it is rather amusing when, by any accident, we all meet, all with our tails on. By an unheard-of piece of tyranny, George is the only individual who is allowed to have his mosquitoes driven away by two men, who stand behind him with long fans of feathers. We are not allowed this luxury in his presence; and, of course, have, besides our own mosquitoes, his refuse troop to feed."

Fancy the superior Mr. Curzon having his mosquitoes thus manipulated! Lady Dufferin also complains of the number of the servants, but this is a difficulty to which Mrs. Curzon can easily rise superior.

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From the letters of these two women one can picture the life that will now be Mary Leiter's—its novelty, its pomp and ceremony, its picturesque contrasts, its stately entertainments. Calcutta in the winter, with its rides at five in the morning, formal drives late in the afternoon, the splendor of its dinners and balls and State receptions. In the summer, Simla, in the hills, with the Government House "balanced like the Ark on the top of Mount Ararat," when the rains descend. Elephant rides, tiger hunts, the State visits of Indian Princes, gorgeously bedecked, vary the monotony which is itself variety. And in the midst of it Mary Leiter, an American of the Americans, will be the centre of things, the dictator, the actual social ruler of a nation.

THE red-clad fishers row and creep
Below the crags, as half asleep,
Nor even make a single sound.
The walls are steep,
The waves are deep;
And if the dead man should be found
By these same fishers in their round,
Why, who shall say but he was—drowned?

The lake lay bright, as bits of broken moon
Just newly set within the cloven earth;
The ripened fields drew round a golden girth
Far up the steppes, and glittered in the noon;
And when the sun fell down, from leafy shore
Fond lovers stole in pairs to ply the oar.
The stars, as large as lilies, flecked the blue;
From out the Alps the moon came wheeling through
The rocky pass the great Napoleon knew.

A gala night it was—the season's prime;
We rode from castled lake to festal town,
To fair Milan—my friend and I; rode down
By night, where grasses waved in rippled rhyme;
And so what theme but love in such a time?
His proud lip curled the while in silent scorn
At thought of love; and then, as one forlorn,
He sighed, then bared his temples, dashed with gray,
Then mocked, as one outworn and well blasé.

A gorgeous tiger-lily, flaming red,
So full of battle, of the trumpet's blare,
Of old-time passion, upreared its head.
I galloped past, I leaned, I clutched it there.
From out the long, strong grass I held it high,
And cried, "Lo! this to-night shall deck her hair
Through all the dance. And mark! the man shall die
Who dares assault, for good or ill design,
The citadel where I shall set this sign."
He spake no spare word all the after while.
That scornful, cold, contemptuous smile of his!
Why, better men have died for less than this.
Then in the hall the same old hateful smile!
Then marvel not that when she graced the floor,
With all the beauties gathered from the four
Far quarters of the world, and she, my fair,
The fairest, wore within her midnight hair
My tiger-lily—marvel not, I say,
That he glared like some wild beast well at bay.

Oh, she shone fairer than the summer star,
Or curled sweet moon in middle destiny.
More fair than sunrise climbing up the sea,
Where all the loves of Ariadne are.
Who loves, who truly loves, will stand aloof,
The noisy tongue makes most unholy proof
Of shallow waters—all the while afar
From out the dance I stood, and watched my star,
My tiger-lily, born an oriflamme of war.

A thousand beauties flashed at love's advance;
Like bright white mice at moonlight in their play,
Or sunfish shooting in the shining bay,
The swift feet shot, and glittered in the dance.
Oh, have you loved, and truly loved, and seen
Aught else the while than your own stately queen?
Her presence, it was majesty—so tall;
Her proud development encompassed—all.
She filled all space. I sought, I saw but her.
I follow as some fervid worshiper.

Adown the dance she moved with matchless pace.
The world—my world—moved with her. Suddenly
I questioned who her cavalier might be.
'Twas he! His face was leaning to her face!
I clutched my blade; I sprang; I caught my breath,
And so stood leaning, still as death.
And they stood still. She blushed, then reached and tore
The lily as she passed, and down the floor
She strewed its heart like bits of gushing gore.

'Twas he said heads, not hearts, were made to break.
He taught me this that night in splendid scorn.
I learned too well. The dance was done.
Ere morn
We mounted—he and I—but no more spake.
And this for woman's love! My lily worn
In her dark hair in pride to be thus torn
And trampled on for this bold stranger's sake!
Two men rode silent back toward the lake.
Two men rode silent down, but only one
Rode up at morn to greet the rising sun.

The walls are steep,
The waves are deep;
And if the dead man should be found
By red-clad fishers in their round,
Why, who shall say but he was—drowned?

"DOWN THE FLOOR SHE STREWED ITS HEART"

PUBLICK OCCURRENCES That are Making HISTORY

America-Spanish Military Commission

The joint military commissions in Cuba and Porto Rico entered on the discharge of their delicate duties with ceremonious cordiality. It was decided in both places that the commissions should deliberate separately and communicate with each other in writing, holding no joint session during the progress of their negotiations unless absolutely indispensable.

Under the protocol, the work of these commissions is limited to providing for the evacuation of the islands and the formal surrender of the Spanish sovereignty. These procedures, however, involve an immense amount of details, on which controversies are possible.

The two commissions are composed of the following officers: On the part of the United States, for Cuba, Major-General James F. Wade, Rear Admiral William T. Sampson and Major-General Matthew C. Butler; for Porto Rico, Major-General John R. Brooke, Rear Admiral Winfield S. Schley and Brigadier-General William W. Gordon; on the part of Spain, for Cuba, Major-General Gonzales Parrado, Rear Admiral Pastor y Landero and Marquis Montoro; and for Porto Rico, Major-General Ortega y Diaz, Commodore Vallarino y Carrasco and Judge Advocate Sanchez del Aguila y Leon.

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Religious Orders in the Philippines

Archbishop Doxal, at Manila, has given the world the first clear exposition of the status of the religious orders in the Philippine Islands. He declared that under the new state of things these orders must go, and hoped that the Islands would neither remain Spanish nor become absolutely independent. The prompt intervention of a strong Western Power alone would save the islands from relapsing into barbarism.

For the condition of affairs prior to the American occupation he laid the chief blame on the Dominicans, Augustinians and Franciscan Recoletans, the richest of the orders, and next on the Benedictines and Capuchins. In his opinion, the Jesuits were comparatively blameless.

These orders were not only jealous of each other, but quarrelsome among themselves, and in the persons of their provincials engaged in unworthy acts that increased the disfavor in which they were held generally. Since the coming of the Americans the Spanish priests on the islands had been reduced fully one-half, and scarcely 500 remained.

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Imperial Westernizing of China

China is becoming a veritable land of surprises. Within a few days her Emperor announced to his people that he was about to inaugurate a new policy in the system of Government, and followed the declaration with a number of edicts, several of which are noteworthy in view of the long-maintained policy of excluding everything of foreign origin.

The Emperor informed his people that in many respects Western civilization was superior to the order of things existing in his dominion, and that in adopting its best features he should rely on the hearty coöperation of all classes.

The hitherto restricted privilege of memorializing the throne was extended to embrace everybody. One edict provided for the establishment of a postal service throughout the Empire. Another, and the most radical of all, in view of what is known concerning official financial transactions, commanded that monthly accounts be rendered to the Government of the receipts and expenditures of the public services in all parts of the Empire, and that these accounts be regularly published. The last edict is said to have startled the officials. However, veteran foreign residents, accustomed to unfulfilled pledges, doubt the power of the Emperor to effectually carry out his own edicts.

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Insurgents Wish to Expel Their Protectors

Recently the POST commented on the marked similarity of action on the part of the insurgents in Cuba and in the Philippines. To the instances then specified are now to be added the formation of a National party in Cuba, composed of Spaniards, former autonomists, and insurgents; the holding of a congress at Malolos, near Manila, preparatory to the adoption of a constitution and code of laws and the election of a President; and the declaration by the insurgent leaders in both places that, as the Americans have finished the work undertaken in the name of humanity, and freed the colonies from Spanish control, they should now retire and leave the people to govern themselves in their own way.

In both places the conviction is strong, among those who have spent the last three years under arms, that they only are the people. Naturally the greater intelligence in this class is in Cuba. In the Philippines, the astonishing pretentions and the profound ignorance of Aguinaldo would assure the success of an opera bouffe. He is impatient over the forced delays of diplomacy, and believes himself to be the chosen ruler of the Filipinos; yet he has discreetly obeyed the orders of the American authorities.

* * *

Cost of Destroying the Spanish Fleets

Readers fond of statistics will find some appetizing morsels in a preliminary report of the United States Naval Board of Ordnance on the destruction of the Spanish fleets at Manila and off Santiago de Cuba. The cost of the vessels and equipment of the two fleets is estimated at nearly $30,000,000.

On our side, the destruction of Cervera's fleet cost in powder and shell between $90,000 and $100,000, and of Montojo's fleet $15,000—less than $150,000 in all. Admiral Dewey's fleet fired a total of 5681 projectiles, and Admiral Sampson's 7553. In the Santiago fight the Brooklyn fired the largest number of projectiles, 1973; the flagship New York the smallest, two; and the battleship Oregon the second largest number.

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American Banking in a Century

The Treasury Department of the United States has just issued a most instructive summary of the banking, currency, coinage, and production of precious metals in the country in the century of 1797-1897. Some of the banking and currency figures go back as far as 1774. During the century the increase in the number of banks was from twenty-five to 9357; in amount of capital stock from $19,200,000 to $1,027,493,653, and in amount of bank circulation from $10,000,000 to $198,920,670.

From 1809, the earliest date under which deposits were reported, to the close of the century, the increase in this item was from $8,500,000 to $5,193,755,807, and of the last sum, $1,939,376,035 represented the thrift of our people as shown in their deposit of savings. The money in circulation in 1800-1898 increased from $4.99 to $24.74 for every man, woman and child in the country.

* * *

Development in the French Military Scandal

Progress is to be reported in the remarkable Dreyfus case; slow, but of an exceedingly sensational character. The Cabinet council decided to appoint a special commission to consider the demand for a revision, on the report of the Minister of Justice favoring such a course, and authorized the Minister to create the preliminary commission that the law calls for. Immediately afterward the newly appointed Minister of War and the Minister of Public Works resigned their offices. Premier Brisson is a pronounced revisionist, and has been cheered lustily on the street.

The sentiment is growing that, whether Dreyfus was guilty or not, his trial was illegal and his conviction was on forged evidence. The more sensational features are the disappearance of Count Esterhazy, the retirement and dismissal from his place on the General Staff of Colonel Paty du Clam, and the freely expressed belief that General Mercier, Minister of War at the time of the famous Dreyfus court martial, and General Boisdeffre, formerly Chief of the General Staff, were about to be arrested for conniving at the maladministration of justice.

* * *

Europe to the Rescue of Crete

It is to be hoped that the ultimatum of the Great Powers to Turkey in the matter of the government of Crete will be more effectual than those sent during the period of the Armenian massacres and the struggles of the Cretans immediately preceding the Greco-Turkish war.

Every one of the foreign Admirals, who at present represent the European protection of the island, pending the settlement of negotiations for its future, have requested their respective Governments to take immediate measures for the expulsion from the island of the 15,000 Bashi-Bazouks stationed there, the recall of all Turkish troops and authorities, and the appointment of a Governor-General, as desired by the Cretans. The Cretans, who have been anxious for annexation to Greece, which the latter was unable to accept, see in the present complications another opportunity to secure a permanent settlement of their political status.

They demand freedom from Turkey, and the sympathy of the Christian world is with them. The recent outrages at Candia could have been checked, if not prevented, by the Turkish commander. Now, it is believed that a majority of the Powers have decided that if Turkey does not heed the ultimatum they will remove the Turkish troops and replace them with a combined European force.

* * *

The Sale of a Great Railroad Property

A sensation has been created in railroad circles by the purchase of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for $10,000,000 cash by a syndicate composed of Philip D. Armour, Marshall Field and Norman B. Ream. The association with the scheme of the name of James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, gave currency to the rumor that under its new management the Baltimore & Ohio road was to become part of a new transcontinental system, having the Great Northern for its Pacific wing.

Despite the denial of such an intention by Mr. Hill, the rumor gained popular strength. The city of Baltimore and the Johns Hopkins University have large financial interests in the Baltimore & Ohio road, and would sustain severe losses if the new owners failed to protect them.

* * *

Japan Drawing Closer to Western Powers

On January 1, 1899, Japan will inaugurate new treaty relations with the Western Powers by putting into operation the new National statutory tariff and the conventional treaties with Great Britain, Germany, France and Austro-Hungary. The new tariff comprises the schedules of rates on certain articles specified in the treaties with the four Powers named, and the general statutory tariff enacted by the Diet. The conventional tariffs will continue during the existence of the treaties; the statutory tariff will be subject to legislative change at will.

The United States and other treaty Powers, besides those having conventional tariffs, will enjoy all the benefits of those tariffs by reason of the "favored nation clause" in their treaties with Japan. The present conventional tariff has been in existence since 1866. Next year Japan will be in a better condition commercially than ever before.

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Mormons Again Controlling Utah

The death of Wilford Woodruff, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and the election of Lorenzo Snow as his successor, recalls a declaration by the late President a year ago that seems to have escaped general notice. It was at the semi-annual conference of the church, and in the presence of 12,000 Mormons, that President Woodruff made the following deliverance, remarkable in view of the conditions under which Utah was admitted into the Union:

> "The day has come when the mouths of Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith and the twelve apostles should not be closed. God Almighty requires you to unite in your temple work and unite in your politics. You should unite to elect your city council and also your State officials. You must put aside your Democracy and Republicanism, and, as Latter-Day Saints, unite, and you will not be taxed to death."

Such a deliverance by the head of the church is equivalent to a command. It is now charged by the Presbytery of Utah that the Mormons have followed the injunction, returned to politics, and gained control of all political party organizations in the State. The manifesto of the Presbytery is a very serious and detailed arraignment.

* * *

French Soudan Expedition Checked

Gen. Sir Herbert Kitchener is not to be deprived of any of the fruits of his remarkable victory in the Soudan by any act of the French. The discovery that a French expedition under Major Marchand had secretly penetrated as far as Fashoda was a complete surprise to the British; but the plucky commander of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition was by no means discomfited thereby. He prepared to send a river force to Fashoda, backed by an ultimatum that the French should withdraw immediately, as he claimed that the region occupied was within Egyptian territory.

The French took alarm, and declared that the expedition was a wholly unofficial one. There are strong evidences in opposition to this view, but it was the most convenient to cloak the real purpose, and to consent to the occupation of the place by a body of Kitchener's Egyptian troops.

* * *

The Men Who Will Negotiate Peace

Unlike the joint military commissions of the United States and Spain, whose duties are almost entirely of an executive character on lines clearly laid down in the protocol, the joint Peace Commission is charged with the ultimate disposition of an extensive and remarkably fertile territory and nearly 8,000,000 of people, subject to the approval of their respective Governments.

The determination of the "control, disposition and government" of the Philippines will be the most conspicuous feature of the treaty of peace which this commission was created to negotiate. In it are involved political and commercial interests in which nearly all of Europe is concerned or wishes to be concerned. It is many years since an international tribunal has had a question of such grave and far-reaching importance to adjudicate.

The joint Peace Commission is composed of the following distinguished citizens: On the part of the United States, as finally determined, William R. Day, ex-Secretary of State; Cushman K. Davis, William P. Frye and George Gray, United States Senators, and Whitelaw Reid, ex-Minister to France; on the part of Spain, Señor Montero Rios, President of the Senate; Señor Villarrutia, the Spanish Minister to Belgium; General Cerero, Señor Abarzuza and Señor Garnica.

* * *

Spain Slowly Evacuating the West Indies

The evacuation of the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico is progressing as rapidly as circumstances will allow. On each island the Spanish forces are moving from interior districts toward a main point of ultimate departure—in Cuba, Havana; in Porto Rico, San Juan. As one district after another is vacated by the Spaniards it is occupied by the Americans, who are obliged to exercise civil as well as military and police functions.

The evacuation of the districts and the embarkation of the troops are slow processes, but the unavoidable delays are proving highly beneficial to the Americans. By the time the work of the joint military commissions is finished, and the last Spanish forces are ready to embark from the capital cities, the United States will have perfected its permanent armies of occupation, now being mobilized and hardened to service in various Southern camps. The weather, too, will have become more propitious.

* * *

The Riot of the Elements on Fair Islands

The most disastrous hurricane ever known in that region has swept over the Windward group of the Lesser Antilles islands, killing more than 500 persons, rendering 60,000 others homeless, and inflicting a damage to property which is, at present writing, beyond estimate.

Kingston, the beautiful capital city of the island of St. Vincent, was almost wholly destroyed; the island of St. Lucia, the largest and most picturesque in the group, in addition to the wind, a tidal wave and tremendous rains, was injured by numerous landslides; and the island of Barbadoes, the most windward of the group, and the headquarters of the British Government in the West Indies, was ravaged for ten hours, and the area of cultivation was completely obliterated. The destruction was the greatest on Barbadoes and St. Vincent. The disaster caused an amount of distress unparalleled in the history of the West Indies, and aid was at once invoked.

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Sagasta's Political Triumph

Premier Sagasta succeeded in his policy of excluding all official reports and communications bearing on the war from both branches of the Cortes in its recent special session; but he was unable to keep down a great storm in the Senate. He had intended holding the Cortes in session till an indemnity bill for the suspension of the constitutional guarantees had been passed.

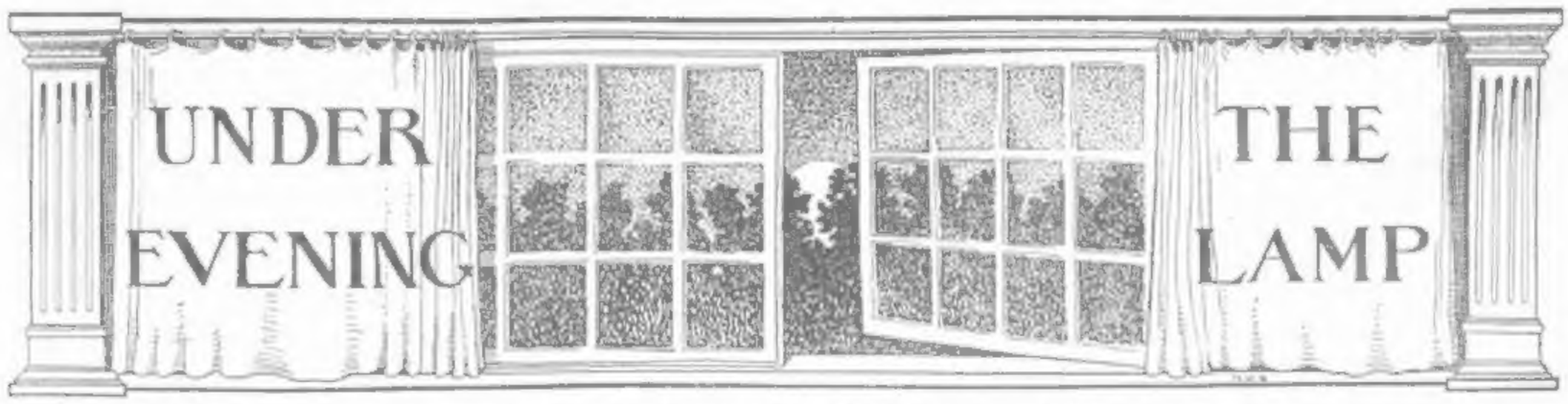
The threatened agitation by General Weyler and others, and the division among both Liberals and Conservatives, caused him to change his course at a moment when his enemies believed they had mastered him. Obtaining the signature of the Queen Regent to the decree ceding territory to the United States, thus under Spanish law completing the terms of the protocol, he then prevailed on her to sign a decree for the immediate termination of the session, and when his enemies were shouting the loudest he calmly produced the royal decree and then closed both the Senate and the Chamber.

* * *

The Sultan of Turkey Yielding at Crete

The Sultan of Turkey was more than ordinarily disturbed by the outbreak in Candia, and the subsequent demands of the Admirals of the international fleets in Cretan waters. His first act was to send an identical circular to the foreign chancelleries in Constantinople, charging that the British provoked the rioting and murders. When, however, the British Admiral at Candia sent his ultimatum to the Turkish Governor, the Sultan directed his Minister of Foreign Affairs to intercede with the foreign Ambassadors for less severe terms.

Instead of securing a time-serving commission to determine the responsibility for the outbreak, the Premier went back to the Sultan with the advice to yield. Under the ultimatum the Mussulman authorities arrested a number of alleged ringleaders. Since then the British Admiral demanded the disarmament of the Mussulman population, Lord Salisbury ordered decisive action, and reinforcements were sent to the island.



HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

When Napoleon Slept in Peter's Bed

PETER THE GREAT hated Moscow, and, above all, that stronghold of Oriental intrigue and moral darkness, the Kremlin. If I remember right, says a writer in the Louisville Courier-Journal, he never inhabited the palace within its walls after he was a child. The old palace is a network of incredibly small, low, ill-ventilated rooms, some little bigger than closets, painted in greens, blues and reds, after the Swedish fashion; rooms which seem, even to-day, to reek of plots, intrigue and murder.

Napoleon, always a trifle theatrical, insisted on sleeping in the bed of Peter the Great when he occupied the Kremlin in 1812. The bed of the boy Peter fitted the hero of Austerlitz to a nicety. It is a very abbreviated couch. In the very heart of this Oriental palace, with no window which gives on the outer day and the open air, is the terem, or women's quarters.

The ladies, even the Tsaritza and the sisters of the Tsar, were only permitted to look down into the hall of coronation through a carved wooden lattice, just as ladies do in the East. When they went out it was in a curtained litter. When Peter mounted the throne of the Tsars, the women of Russia were Orientals, imprisoned more rigorously than the ladies of Constantinople to-day.

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Dromedaries That Smoke Cigars

DROMEDARIES are said to be particularly fond of tobacco smoke, and can be made to do almost anything while under its influence. Travelers, it is asserted, rely more on tobacco smoke for their control over these huge beasts than anything else.

When traveling on long journeys, the dromedaries are in many cases required to travel night and day without rest, and they are kept up to their task by smoking cigars. The driver carries a triangular piece of wood, which is pierced at one point like a cigar holder. This is inserted in the mouth of the animal, the cigar being lit and pressed into the hole. The dromedary closes its eyes and puffs away through its nostrils until the cigar is burned away. The indulgence appears to refresh it, and the keeper has no difficulty in persuading the animal to plod onward without any further rest.

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An African Chief on a Railway Train

MATYAMA, a noted Matabele chief, thus describes his journey on a railroad train: "Never did I see such a thing before. I got very tired of sitting in the train, so I went to sleep, and when I woke I found myself each morning in some new country. I have seen lots of towns, and I do not know now where these towns have gone to.

"Yes, I have seen the carriages that move without noise. They are like the fire wagons, but more wonderful. They run all alone. How were the white people created? We natives were made in one mould, and the white people in another. We shall only meet when we die. The white men are wonderful. When I go back and tell my people that there are carts that run along without being dragged, they will tell me I am saying what is not true. That is because they are still foolish. Their eyes are closed, the country is yet dark, and they are blind because they have not seen what I have seen."

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The Legend of the Orange Blossom

THE wearing of orange blossoms at weddings is accounted for in various ways. Among other stories is the following very pretty legend:

"An African King presented a Spanish King with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole Court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, and a foreign Ambassador was tormented by the desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used every possible means, fair or foul, to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught, he gave up in despair.

"The fair daughter of the Court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but lacked the dots the family considered necessary in a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange blossoms, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter. Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair, the wily Ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry provided she gave him the branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on her way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair." Since the plant was first introduced into Europe it has been customary for a bride to wear a few sprays of the orange blossom in her hair or somewhere on her wedding dress.

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On Queen Wilhelmina's Coronation

By MAARTEN MAARTENS

QUEEN of the lowlands by the Northern Sea,
Where mists hang cold and water-wastes make moan,
With steadfast eyes uplifted to thy throne,
We, thine own people, every heart thine own,
Sovereign, we claim the right of loyalty!

Child of the lowlands by the Northern Sea,
Blood of our blood, and one with us, as we
Are one in thee,
Through all the splendid changes of our story
Still one with us in heritage of glory,
Queen because we are free,
As we are free because thy fathers taught us,
Trusting in God, though Pope or Prince distraught us,
To live and die for liberty!

Queen of these lowlands by the Northern Sea,
Queen o'er the sun-filled islands of the East,
We call to thine Imperial feast
Thy subject-lords, our conquest—we, the least
Of numbered nations, but the greater we
For that our weakness held the world in fee
From Christ, our Prince and Priest.

Queen, unto whom the conquerors of the sea
With brow unbumbled, bend a faithful knee,
Thine is the might!
Thine be our service, that the world may see
And glory in the sight, that we
Are lords and servants, like to thee,
By right of doing right!

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Remarkable Towns and Villages

SCATTERED throughout the area of Great Britain are numerous towns and villages of a curious character, says some writer in Tit-Bits. One large village actually consists of old railway carriages, even the little mission chapel being built out of four large horse trucks. Another village, with a population of eleven hundred, and a ratable value of $40,000, has neither church, chapel nor school, the only public edifice being a pillar letter-box.

Villages with a single inhabitant are not unknown. At Skiddaw, in Cumberland, there is a solitary householder who cannot vote because there is no overseer to prepare a voters' list, and no church or other public building on which to publish one; while the only rate-payer, in a certain rural Northumberland parish, has recently declined to bear the expense of repairing a road because he considers it quite good enough for himself.

In the Isle of Ely there is a little parish which has been somewhat contemptuously described as "a portion of land, with three or four houses, and perhaps twelve inhabitants." This place has no roads at all, and is, consequently, put to no expense in keeping them in repair. As a matter of fact, there are no public expenses of any kind and no rates.

One of the most remarkable of villages is Kempton, near Bedford, which is seven miles long and extremely straggling. To walk from one end of the village to the other occupies two hours.

Sometimes whole villages will practically disappear. A little Shropshire village has gradually sunk until now it is almost out of sight. It is built on a disused coal pit, and the sinking goes on steadily every year. Now and then a tottering house is propped up to keep it standing, but, in spite of all precautions, buildings are constantly falling to the ground, and in course of time, doubtless, nothing will be left but a few bricks to mark the spot where a village once stood.

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How Patti's Talent Was Discovered

IT WAS in New York, curiously enough, that Arditi first met Patti, then "a little dark-eyed, roguish maiden, with red pursed-up lips and quick, rippling laughter." He says in his memoirs: "The first time I ever set eyes on Adelina was in New York, when she and her mother visited the hotel at which I lived, in order to eat macaroni, which was always excellently prepared by an Italian chef of renown; and her determined little airs and manners then already showed plainly that she was destined to become a ruler of men.

"Mme. Salvador Patti, veuve Barili, Adelina's mother, was anxious that I should hear the child sing, and so she brought her little daughter to my rooms one day. Bottesini and I were highly amused to see the air of importance with which the tiny songstress first selected a comfortable seat for her doll in such proximity that she was able to see her while singing, and then, having said: 'There, my little dear, now sit still and listen while mamma sings you something pretty!' she demurely placed her music on the piano and asked me quietly if I would accompany her in the rondo of Sonnambula.

"How am I to give an adequate description of the effect which that child's miraculous notes produced upon our enchanted senses? Perhaps if I say that both Bottesini and I wept genuine tears of emotion—tears which were the outcome of the original and never-to-be-forgotten impression her voice made when it first stirred our innermost feelings, that may, in some slight measure, convince my readers of the extraordinary vocal power and beauty of which the little Adelina was, at that tender age, possessed. We were simply amazed, nay, more, we were fairly electrified, at the well-nigh perfect manner in which she delivered some of the most difficult and varied arias apparently without the slightest effort or self-consciousness."

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Entertaining an Angel Unawares

A NEWSBOY took the Sixth Avenue elevated at Park Place at noon, says the New York World, and, sliding into one of the cross seats, fell asleep. At Grand Street two young women got on and took the seats opposite the lad. His feet were bare and his hat had fallen off. Presently the younger girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat smiled at the act, and without saying anything held out a quarter with a nod toward the boy. The girl hesitated a moment and then reached for it. The next man just as silently offered a dime, a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and before she knew it the girl with flaming cheeks had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slid the amount into the sleeping lad's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without rousing him, and got off at Twenty-third Street, including all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head that seemed full of thanks and the possession of a common secret.

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When Water Lit a Fire

ON THE western coast of Ireland, at Ballybunion, the sea set fire to the cliffs. For centuries the great Atlantic rollers had been breaking them down and making great fissures in them. In their depths were masses of iron, pyrites and alum. At last the water penetrated to these, and a rapid oxidization took place, which produced a heat fierce enough to set the whole cliff on fire. For weeks the rocks burned like a volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose high in the air.

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The Domestic Pets of Royalty

IN A BOOK recently published by Grant Richards, there is an entertaining chapter on the pets at Sandringham, the East Anglian home of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The pets of the Princess comprise almost every kind of animal and bird that is domesticated. She has her pony stable, which was built in 1874 for four French ponies which have now been replaced by the English-bred Bina, Merry Antics, Bow and Bell. This stable is considered the prettiest building of its kind in the world, with its white-tiled walls, green-tiled frieze, and an open wooden roof. The name of the tenant, according to custom, is written in gold letters over each stall.

The author of the book above mentioned further states that the Princess has always preferred brown harness to black, and all used by her is in tan leather with brass mounts. Her affection for dogs is well known, and among the feathered pets are doves, descendants of the single pair presented to the Princess during her first visit to Ireland, and an assortment of Australian pigeons. The very wonderful cockatoo, "Cocky," is said to be over one hundred years old. He used to live in the boudoir of the Princess, but the penetrating power of his screams was such that it was necessary to relegate him to the kennels, where he is, however, regularly visited by the Princess when she goes the round of her favorites' cages, kennels and stalls.

"The pheasantry" was really built for some pet goats, which were killed by a flash of lightning while huddling together under an elm tree. Some time after it was furnished with incubators for pheasant-rearing, and both Prince and Princess take almost enthusiastic interest in this establishment and its uses during the rearing season. The Princess pays constant visits and looks personally after the hatching operations. This incubator house has been a truly practical success, and last year it proved to be of exceeding service in filling up the gaps in the young broods caused by bleak nights, and in one memorable storm of rain which swept over that side of the country the young chicks were on that night destroyed wholesale, and every keeper in the district has a vivid remembrance of that fearful night.

Her Royal Highness, the Princess, takes the greatest delight in watching every stage of her pets' comfort and proper development. She often goes to the pheasantry inclosure, and from a little basket replenished with grain she feeds, with her own hands, her feathered friends, including silkies, bantams and pheasants, which here have their home.

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WIT OF THE CHILDREN

CONSIDERATION OF OTHERS' FEELINGS.—Papa—"You saw that big boy whipping the little one, and you didn't interfere? Suppose you had been that little boy?" Bobbie—"I did think of that, an' was going to part 'em, but then I happened to think, s'pose I was the big boy? So I left 'em alone."

THE WOES OF WOMANKIND.—Flossie is six years old. "Mamma," she asked one day, "if I get married will I have a husband like pa?" "Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid, like Aunt Kate?" "Yes, Flossie." "Mamma," she said, after a short pause, "it's a tough world for us women, ain't it?"

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.—A small boy from the slums had been brought into the mission school, and for a couple of Sundays he had been instructed in the rudiments. On the third Sunday he brought with him his brother William. To test his memory the teacher began to go over the previous lessons. "Who made you?" she asked. "God," he replied promptly. "And what else did God make?" The youngster studied a moment and looked around hopelessly till he noticed his brother, then his face brightened. "He made Bill, too, I guess," he answered triumphantly; and William said, "You bet."

NOT SO FAR WRONG.—A Boston teacher had been giving a familiar talk on zoölogy to a class of ten-year-olds in a grammar school. To test their intelligence he said, in the course of his remarks: "Who can tell me the highest form of animal life?" A little girl held up her hand. "Well, Mary?" "The hy-ena," shouted Mary, seriously but triumphantly. Repressing a smile, the teacher said: "Is it, Mary? Think again. Is a hyena the very highest?" "Oh, now I know," cried Mary; "it's the giraffe."

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THE MINISTER'S DRAWING POWER.—Willie had swallowed a penny, and his mother was in a state of much alarm. "Helen," she called to her sister in the next room, "send for a doctor; Willie has swallowed a penny!" The terrified and frightened boy looked up imploringly. "No, mamma," he interposed, "send for the minister." "The minister?" asked his mother incredulously. "Did you say the minister?" "Yes. Because papa says our minister can get money out of anybody."

ART DEFINITIONS.—A Brighton girl, when asked how beef tea was made, answered: "Buy a pot of beef extract and follow the directions on the lid"; and a second gave "Cayenne pepper and Jamaica ginger" in reply to "What are warmth-producing foods?" But it was a boy, who was asked what celerity was, and who, from his own personal experience, defined it as "something to put hot plates down with."

HONEST ADVICE.—The Rev. Mr. Perkins, being called upon suddenly to address a Sunday-school, thought he would get a few original ideas from his young hearers. "Children," said he, "I want some of you to tell me what I shall talk to you about to-night. What shall I say?" At first there was no response. "That bright little fellow over there," said he, pointing to a youngster on a back seat: "What shall I say to you to-night?" In a little, piping voice came the answer: "Say amen and sit down."

THE NEW BOOKS
Described Completely -In Brief

Life of Napoleon III, by Archibald Forbes.—It would seem that, of the first Napoleon, the last word must have been written—at least until the reading public has had a little time to forget. All sorts and conditions of Napoleons have been foisted upon us, from the Corsican monster of Scott's imagination to the meek and long-suffering martyr of Abbott's fancy. His Marshals, his Generals, his Ministers—and their wives—his secretary, his valet, his butler, his baker, left memoirs—mostly in four volumes—for our enlightenment; and, where those who were around him forgot to put their impressions on paper, thoughtful grandchildren, with the requisite amount of imagination, have supplied the deficiency.

Hardly less rich in material for the historian and biographer is the field which Mr. Forbes has entered with his valuable history. Of the third Napoleon, much has been written; more remains to be said. The romance of his life is as absorbingly interesting as that of the Corsican founder of the house.

In many respects the lives of the two Emperors were curiously alike. Both were adventurers; both married women of greater beauty than blood; both stepped from the platform of democracy to the throne of Empire; and under both the military and civil glory of France blazed up bright and clear, then burned down blue and wan. For one, there was Waterloo; for the other, Sedan; for both, dethroned, death in exile. But in this they differed: Napoleon was great, even in his littleness; Louis was little, even in his greatness.

The history of this lesser Napoleon Mr. Forbes has told admirably; his character he has developed faithfully. In exile Louis began; in exile he ended. The historian follows him through a career of almost unexampled vicissitudes. Before he could speak articulately he was a fugitive; between his twentieth and fortieth year he was a prisoner in Strasburg, Lorient, Ham, and the Conciergerie; by a sudden turn of the wheel he became President; and the *coup d'état* made him Emperor of the French. For fifteen years thereafter he was the most considered man in Europe; then defeat, flight and death in exile.

For the task of writing this remarkable life Mr. Forbes is admirably fitted, and splendidly has he acquitted himself. (Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

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Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War, by Joel Chandler Harris.—In the art of story-telling Mr. Harris is weak; but the color, the humor, and the pathos of his tales are sufficiently strong to cover a multitude of minor sins. He writes of days half-forgotten by all save the unreconstructed and unregenerated; of days when life in the South was a succession of fox-hunts, visits and balls; when all the plantations were unmortgaged, their owners Colonels by courtesy, and their daughters belles by right.

We know that Mr. Bret Harte has idealized the Californian; we suspect that Mr. Harris shows us an idealized Southerner; and we are grateful to them both. Of the present collection, The Colonel's Nigger Dog, while not the longest and most pretentious, is perhaps the best tale. It pictures a master, kindly according to the standards of slavery, stirred to wrath against a once faithful family servant turned rebellious. It tells how he trained a young hound dog and finally tracked the runaway to his hiding place, and the curious means by which the slave melted the master's wrath to tears.

In another tale, three wonderful dogs, Whalebone, Music and Rowan, the pick of the pack, bring about a wedding which the reader becomes anxious to see celebrated. The Old Moreland Place has to do with life on the river steamboats, gambling, a boat on fire in mid-stream, and a brave rescue—of an irresistible Southern belle, of course, by a dashing Southern beau.

These are some of the tales of Peace. The tales of War have to do with the late unpleasantness—not the latest one; for there never has been and never will be but one war for the Southerner of the last generation, no matter how fast other unpleasantnesses pile up. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

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Ben King's Verse, edited by Nixon Waterman.—It is more than four years since the death of Ben King, and now, for the first time, a volume of his verse is offered to the reading public. Shortly after his death his poetry was collected and printed, but the edition of this book was limited, and taken almost wholly by his personal friends. Yet Ben King was one of the best humorous poets that America has produced, and, If I Should Die To-Night, How Often, The Pessimist, That Cat, and Jane Jones are pasted in half the scrap-books in the country.

Of them all, The Pessimist, reprinted below, is possibly most characteristic of his genius, and, though it has been widely circulated under various titles, few people connect it with the name of Ben King.

The Pessimist

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus thro' life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

(Published by Forbes & Co., Chicago.)

• • •

Two Parables, by Charles R. Brown.—Few ministers seem to appreciate how great is the difference between the written and the spoken word—that the sermon which pleased and moved an audience may, without the accessories of tone and gesture, be cold and flat. This, perhaps, is the reason why so many volumes of sermons are such hard reading. The minister who would reach the public through a book, as well as from the pulpit, must be both essayist and preacher.

That this difference is clear in the mind of the author of Two Parables is evident; for his style is easy and pleasant, and free from the formulæ of the pulpit. The first four discourses are founded on the parable of the man who fell among thieves. The opening one of the series, Who is My Neighbor? is the key to the others. The last six are on the parable of the prodigal son.

These sermons are of the helpful kind that are sure to do great good, for they convey simple lessons in a direct and forceful way. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

• • •

As Having Nothing, by Hester Caldwell Oakley.—The men and women who supply the literary shop with its wares understand that their public has fads and fashions in its fiction as in its clothes, and write accordingly. For many a month now the red glow of war will be reflected in the stories which are offered to us, just as the martial spirit stirred up in our non-combatants is finding outward expression in soft felt hats, soldier colors, and bright brass buttons.

Before war came the bachelor girl was the heroine of the hour. Now she has been relegated to the second place. She comes to the front again in Miss Oakley's novel, as an art student this time, wrapped up in posters and illustrations, and questioning her capacity for that old-fashioned love which involved a man as party of the second part. Her friend Joan is in exactly the same state of mind. But after some slight confusion of names, not sweethearts, an editor and a journalist very properly convince them they are mistaken.

On the whole, it is a nice, readable little story, though the love interest is of a rather conventional kind and the conversation of the journalists calculated to draw a smile from a man who knows the breed. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

• • •

The Lady of Castell March, by Owen Rhoscomyl.—There is a great middle class in literature, made up of books that are neither very good nor very bad. Reading them is like spending an hour in a club window, listening to chatter that may be scandalous, or sensational, or innocuously entertaining enough to ward off boredom, but not exactly elevating or improving. Such books are written by the ton in England, by the hundred-weight in America; for over here we are rather more inclined to run to extremes.

To this great middle class, the sensational division of it, The Lady of Castell March belongs. In his introduction, the author tells "the reader unfamiliar with Welsh history" that he "may feel somewhat bewildered at coming upon such a state of society as is implied in the pages following." Probably, he has gauged his reader aright. But a glance at the table of contents will partially prepare one for what he may expect in that society when he plunges into it. One finds among a list of chapter headings from which it is hard to pick and choose: The Night Hag of Castle Vortigern, Tracking the Prey, The Face Behind the Veil, The Mocking Mask of Fate, The Oath She Swore to Brynglas, Cast Off, The Utter Death of Hope, and The Coming of the Hag.

These promises to pay his reader in exciting incident the author amply fulfills. He deals out murder, robbery, abduction, beleaguered castles and damsels in distress with a generous hand. The hero, who has murdered the Judge that sent his father to the gallows, undertakes to avenge the wrongs of a stranger, and then the trouble begins—and keeps on. There is one exceptionally well-drawn character, Foulk of the Feet, a name bestowed upon him in cruel compensation for the loss of his lower limbs. And an awful revenge he took upon the men responsible for his mutilation.

For those who are not over-particular about the possibilities and the probabilities, for those who like sensation to follow hot on sensation—in short, for those to whom the middle-class sensational novel appeals, The Lady of Castell March will furnish entertainment. (Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

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Historical Tales: The Romance of Reality, by Charles Morris.—Two volumes of this series have just been issued, one being Historical Tales of Japan and China, the other of Russia. Professor Morris has done an excellent thing in these books. They tell the vital points in the history of peoples of whom little is known by the general reader, and picture their life and their customs. In short, they have the value of histories and the interest of stories. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

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A Scotch Engineer on Kipling

THEY were talking about Kipling at the club in Boston. "Ah," said the poet, "what a masterpiece is his McAndrew's Hymn. How Kipling ennobles labor! He puts the engineer on a heroic pedestal. How proud and grateful such machinists must be!" "I don't know about that," answered the naval officer. "I showed the poem to a Scotch engineer who had crossed the Atlantic seventy or eighty times, and I asked him what he thought of it. He read it slowly, and then he said, 'Well, Captain, it seems to me like a blatherskite of words.'"

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BOOKS JUST FROM THE PRESS

A Great Love: Clara Louise Burnham: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Cloth	$1 25
A Maid of the Frontier: Henry Spofford Canfield: Rand, McNally & Co.; Cloth	
A Moment's Error, or the Mystery of Mortimer Strange: A. W. Marchmont: Rand, McNally & Co.	25
An Amateur Fireman: James Otis: E. P. Dutton & Co.; Illustrated: Cloth	1 50
Ben King's Verse: Edited by Nixon Waterman: Forbes & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	1 25
Best Things by Chauncey M. Depew: Edited by John W. Leonard: A. Marquis & Co.; Illus.; Cloth	1 00
Good Cooking: Mrs. S. T. Rorer: Doubleday & McClure Co.; With Portrait Frontispiece; Cloth	50
Hawaii and a Revolution: Mary H. Krout: Dodd, Mead & Co.; Illustrated: Cloth	2 00
In Garden, Orchard and Spinney: Phil Robinson: E. P. Dutton & Co.; Cloth	1 50
Life of Napoleon III: Archibald Forbes: Dodd, Mead & Co.; Illustrated	3 50
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The Legal Revolution of 1902: By A Law-Abiding Revolutionist: Charles H. Kerr & Co.; Paper	50
The Master of the Strong Hearts: Eldredge S. Brooks: Illus.; by Wm. M. Cary; Cloth	
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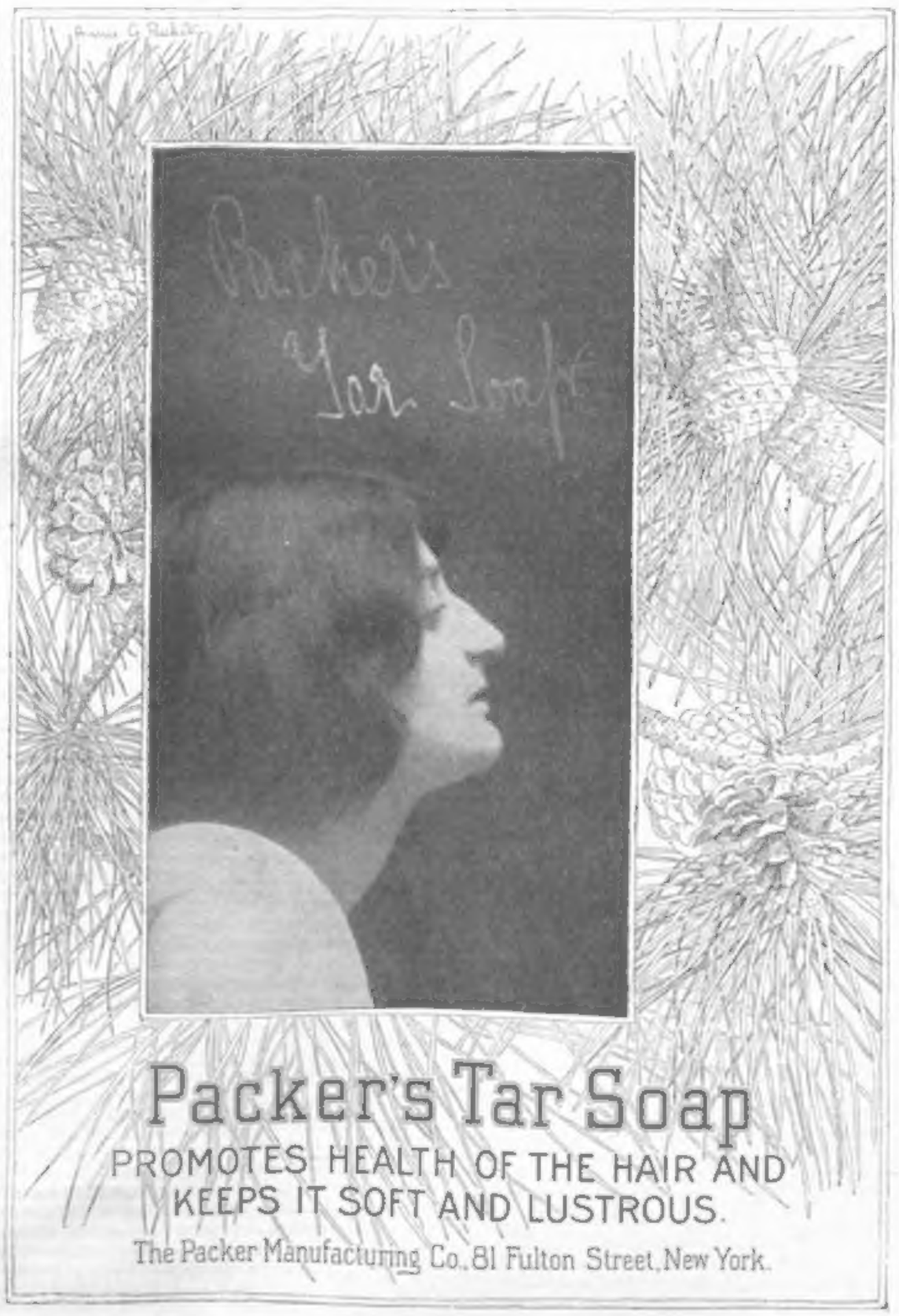
Through Armenia on Horseback: George Hepworth: E. P. Dutton & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	2 00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